

NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.

MAY,

1874.

CONTENTS.

PAGE	PAGE
The Twenty-fourth of May..... 257	THE HOME:—
John Kanack's Experiences..... 261	Pet Birds..... 298
Thorwaldsen's Love (Poetry)..... 266	A Leaf from a Mother's Diary..... 300
The Indian Mother..... 268	Home Hints..... 301
Notes of a Hasty Trip (Continued)..... 270	Nerves..... 302
A Night of Terror..... 274	How to Cook Potatoes..... 304
Gipsy's Governess (Continued)..... 276	Rurv Them..... 305
Voices from Ramah; or, Rachel's Lamentation, (Continued)..... 282	Selected Recipes..... 305
YOUNG FOLKS:—	LITERARY NOTICES:—
Little Matthias..... 287	French Home Life..... 307
Katy (Continued)..... 291	On Self-Culture..... 312
The Father of a Pail..... 296	REVIEW of the Times..... 314
Faithful in the Least (Poetry)..... 297	NOTICES:—
	A Correction..... 320
	A. A. Dorion..... 320
	ILLUSTRATION:—
	Hon. A. A. Dorion..... Frontispiece.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON, PUBLISHERS, MONTREAL.

MONTREAL WITNESS PROSPECTUS FOR 1874.

The circulation of the DAILY averages at present about 12,000, or 1,300 a day more than last year,—a circulation claimed to be more than equal to that of all the other English dailies in the city put together.

The circulation of the TRI-WEEKLY, formerly Semi-Weekly, has continued steady at 3,600, and that of the WEEKLY has increased from 9,500 to 11,000.

It is evident from these figures that the WEEKLY WITNESS meets with the greatest favor, and to it we would this year call special attention. From our subscribers we have always got more assistance in extending our circulation than from all other means. We therefore request all of them who approve of the general course of the WITNESS to call to it the attention of those in whose families they think it would exert a healthful influence. Those who do not preserve the WITNESS for future reference might serve its interests more than they think by simply forwarding a copy now and again to some friend at a distance, or by "placing it where it will do most good" among their neighbors. Our subscribers will learn with satisfaction that it is intended to enlarge the WEEKLY WITNESS at the New Year to an extent sufficient to cover the existing and prospective increase in space occupied by advertising. This will be the second enlargement within two years. Should the advertising business grow still further, a still further increase in size is contemplated. These changes are rendered possible by the increase in circulation and advertising. Every reader has thus a direct interest in developing the business of the paper. Among our best friends are the storekeepers and postmasters, who have, through good will towards the paper and a desire for the good of their neighbors, gone to both trouble and expense in forwarding the subscriptions of their customers.

The TRI-WEEKLY edition is obtainable by ministers actually in charge of congregations, and by teachers actually teaching in schools, at half-price. This, however, invariably means cash. The TRI-WEEKLY edition is held to be two dollars worth when given as a commission for subscriptions obtained. Ministers and teachers are looked upon as friends of the paper who will do their best to promote its interests.

The DAILY WITNESS is unquestionably the leading paper in the Province, and has only one rival in the Dominion for circulation and influence.

Of the character of the WITNESS we need only say it is well known. It aims at maintaining a complete independence of all political, denominational, and social influences, and to use its whole power on the side of Righteousness, Temperance and Evangelical Religion. The need for a disinterested advocacy of truth and righteousness in public life, and temperance and economy in social life, never appeared so great as it does to-day, when prosperity and luxury

have bred corruption and dissipation to an alarming extent before unknown. That this duty may be faithfully and competently fulfilled, we ask for the support and prayers of Christians throughout the land.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION.

DAILY WITNESS.....	\$3.00 per an.
TRI-WEEKLY.....	2.00 "
WEEKLY.....	1.00 "

The DAILY WITNESS is also obtainable from newsmen in almost all towns and villages at 6c. per week, thus saving postage. The WEEKLY may be had through dealers as cheap as through the Post-Office.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Advertising in each edition is charged at 10 cents per line first insertion, and 5 cents for each continuance. Special rates for annual contracts according to position in the paper.

These rates, both of subscription and advertising, are, probably, as low as can be found anywhere in proportion to value.

Prospectus of the Canadian Messenger for 1874.

This paper, for the money it costs, has more reading in it, and that of the highest class, than any of our other publications. It contains no news, but is a perfect treasure-house of instructive and attractive reading, as gathered from the abundant resources which contemporary literature affords. It is a pioneer, finding its way to the utmost limits of civilization, and to every remote post-office in the Dominion, from Michipicoton to Mainadieu. Circulation 14,000. It should double its circulation through Sabbath-schools.

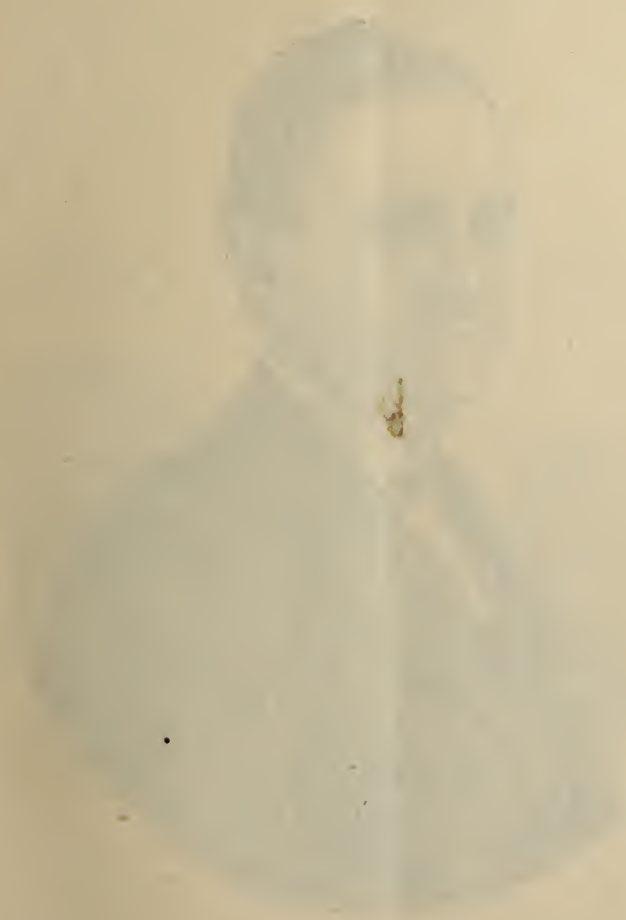
Canadian Messenger, 38 cents per an in advance, postage prepaid by publishers. Club of seven to one address for \$2; 100 to one address \$25. Advertising 10 cents per line, each insertion.

CLUBS.

In all our publications where one person remits for one year in advance for eight persons, he will be entitled to one copy additional for himself. Or any person remitting \$8 for our publications will be entitled to one dollar's worth additional. Any subscriber to the WITNESS or MESSENGER may have the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY to his own address, or to that of a new subscriber thereto, for \$1—if he remits it direct to this office along with his other subscriptions. The reading in the MONTHLY is entirely different from that in the other publications.

The terms for all our publications are CASH IN ADVANCE, and the paper stops when the time paid for expires, unless subscription is previously renewed.

All remittances to be addressed, in registered letters, to **JOHN DOUGALL & SON,**
MONTREAL.





HON. A. A. DORION.

NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.

MAY, 1874.

THE TWENTY-FOURTH OF MAY.

BY B. ATHOL.

"A salute at sunrise! Oh, of course," I murmur drowsily, "it's the Queen's Birthday," as the first boom shakes the house to its foundations, and sudden thoughts of earthquake enter my somnolent brain.

I turn over for another nap, remembering how many a time and oft, I have seen our most noble reeve accompanied by the choicest spirits of the community wending their way through the early mists to one end of the village where our cannon lay, supported by two pieces of cordwood, in their wake an army of small boys whose excitement and loyalty no morning breezes could cool.

I am somewhat worn out with yesterday's preparations, and would fain snatch another hour's repose; but just as I am nicely going off there is another boom. Then I hear scampering of feet along the hall, which comes to a stop at my door.

"Nellie," in a very loud whisper. There is no use pretending I don't hear them. Four boys, with moderately good lungs, and a will, have a way of making themselves heard, if necessary. So I say, "Well?" in a short, decided tone.

"Where's that piece of pie that was left last night; mother said we might have it. We're going to see the cannon fired off and want something to eat. Hurry up."

I am half tempted not to tell; but then it's the Queen's Birthday, and really, on such occasions, one can't expect to sleep all day.

A few minutes later, having fortified

themselves with pumpkin pie, they are yelling and whooping down the street, eager to swell the ranks of the reeve's followers.

We keep open house on the 24th; not entirely from choice, I confess.

If I could only induce my acquaintances from the country to choose another day to visit me! Throughout the year upon other occasions they may come or they may not, but I never yet knew anything keep them away on the 24th of May. On that day we have an influx; from early morn till afternoon the cry is, "Still they come." I'm sure I'm always delighted to see my friends from the country, but if any other day would suit them as well on which to take out their pay for occasional jugs of milk, cabbages, pumpkins and other agricultural sundries, it would be an inexpressible relief to me."

But in the meantime—

"Entertainment for man and beast;
Meals at all hours,"

is the motto of the day.

By the time breakfast is over, and the younger members of the family arrayed in their best attire—we never appear in everyday garb on the Queen's Birthday—I find the first detachment of my country cousins has arrived.

After they have washed off the dust of travel, and refreshed themselves with a glass of iced lemonade, we hold a consultation in the parlor and arrange our programme for the day.

"At one o'clock," so the advertisement

of the celebration tells us, "there will be a salute of twenty-one guns, also a *feu de joie*. In the afternoon the volunteers of the —th Battalion will be exercised and drilled by Captain Lawkins. Also in Cook's field, cricket and base-ball matches, races of all kinds, including hurdle and sack, putting the stone, and other diversions too numerous to mention."

But we can't have everything; so we decide to forego these somewhat vulgar pastimes and join Captain Lawkins in his inspection of the volunteers.

This, with the grand concert in the evening, at which we are promised a great deal of both native and foreign talent, followed by a torchlight procession (not the talent, remember) and a magnificent display of fireworks, we wisely consider will be sufficient. From time to time we are reinforced by fresh arrivals, so that after dinner quite a respectable procession sallies forth on pleasure bent.

Upon arriving at the ground we find the centre of an admiring and appreciative crowd, the captain and his men, the former reciting his usual Queen's Birthday harangue, previous to commencing the exercises. As this officer forms, I may say, the most prominent character of the day, from sunrise, when he seeks the bubble reputation at the cannon's mouth until night, when, with his own hand he shoots into the heavens the last rocket, he might have a sentence to himself.

For appearance, our captain and reeve, both offices being united in him, is a short, slight man, with a sharp, wide-awake expression of countenance which, combined with the agility of his movements, reminds one forcibly of a rat or weasel.

But it's astonishing what there is in that man; he is a veritable *multum in parvo*.

All the year round he is reeve, and deals out justice with an impartial hand, besides managing the affairs of the village to the satisfaction of all whom it concerns. On common week days he is our principal grocer, buying and selling to advantage—a fair, liberal dealer, yet, like Moses Primrose, never the man to sell his hen on a rainy day. On Sundays, in a suit of good

black, he attends church three times regularly, leading the choir with equal energy and devotion; and on Dominion Day, the twenty-fourth, and other high days, such as receiving an illustrious guest, and entertaining the same with all due honor.

• "A train-band captain like is he."

Each day finds him in the spirit of its particular duties. To-day he is all military fire and enthusiastic loyalty; to-morrow when I go in for the week's groceries he will rush up to me with the whitest of white aprons pinned before him,

"Good morning, Miss Athol. Fine morning this, though not much in the way of business, to be sure. Country people all in yesterday—we can't expect much to-day. Got some lovely butter, though, this morning. And here's something new; I just said to myself when I got it, says I, 'There's one person in this town that knows how to appreciate a good article, and that's Miss Athol'; beautiful for cakes, pies, biscuits, in fact every kind of pastry." So supposing the article in question was procured expressly for me, I order a package of Queen's baking-powder with the other things.

"And how do you feel after yesterday's exertions? What a beautiful day we had, to be sure; and didn't my men do splendidly, though no wonder with so many nice young ladies looking at them. But I always think, Miss Athol, that you and I are the first to get back again into our old jog-trot after a holiday, ye know; nobody to look at us this morning would guess how we'd been a kickin' out of the traces yesterday. Here you are bright as a bee and gay as a lark out the first thing doing your shopping, looking as fresh as the new-blown rose if I may say so, and I, myself, have been running round here all morning like a good one. Just up to the ears in eggs, butter, and lard" (that remark of Mr. Lawkins is not to be taken literally).

But to return to the volunteers whom we have left broiling under a hot sun all this time. I don't pretend to understand military tactics, but I find that the enjoyment of our volunteers' manœuvres does not depend entirely on a knowledge of the same.

I am struck with admiration when the captain gives the word of command, and they commence their movements. There isn't a great deal of variety, but then I know very little about these things.

I observe that they march, stand at ease, march again, and then turn right about face. No words of mine can do justice or even describe the grace and ease with which our volunteers go through these manœuvres. I am at a loss to know which to admire most, but I rather think I prefer to see them stand at ease. And then the "charge" or assault. That is truly grand. They don't charge anything in particular—just down the field a short distance, though I presume every man has his personal enemy in his mind's eye. I think it almost a pity that some of Canada's foes are not standing there, "just to see what they'd get," when, in obedience to the shrill voice of their gallant commander, the volunteers scamper off, cheered by the enthusiastic crowd and urged on to deeds of valor by the boys, who rush madly after them, shouting, "Go for 'em, Bill! Hit 'em ag'in, Jim!" with other familiar encouragements. Perhaps it's as well they are not though. This movement is repeated a number of times in different parts of the field.

At last, led on by the captain, who jumps cheerfully over stones, bushes, logs, children, or whatever happens to be in his way, they make a furious attack on the old place where first they stood.

As I watch them bearing down on us, panting for breath, choked and blinded by the dust blowing off the road, with faces five shades deeper than their coats, still followed and hooted at by the boys, I think to myself, never again will I be the one to say men are not good-natured. My conscience smites me when I remember how often I have railed at men and their tempers; yès, and at some in this very company to-day. After this, whatever qualities they may or may not possess, there can be no question about their good nature.

But it is getting late. Thoughts of tea, the children, and a back seat at the concert, the sure portion of late arrivals, press heavily on my mind.

At last the drill is over. The captain and his men march victoriously from the scene of action, and so do we, satisfied that "every man this day has done his duty."

After tea, to ease the mother's mind, I go out to the dining-room, and count over the children. A strong odor of fire-crackers, oranges, ginger beer, pea-nuts, and torpedoes, pervades the room. I find them all safe, having met with no worse disaster than small holes burned in faces, hands and best coats, caused by the explosion of fire-crackers. They are very much sunburned and a little cross, which is scarcely to be wondered at when we remember that to every performance in the day's celebration, in whatever part of the village it took place, they have been eye-witnesses. The boys want nothing to eat, but are as thirsty as possible.

After satisfying their wants, I set out with my friends for the concert, which, judging from the advertisement, promises to be something quite different from the usual run of concerts. In order to secure good seats, and enough of them, we go early; but we are not the first.

The platform or stage is decorated with loyal mottoes and flags, the windows having been removed for air; and there, beneath his own colors, sits our indefatigable captain and reeve, sternly eyeing a group of boys at the opposite end of the hall, whose exuberance of spirits will be apt to bring them into notice before the evening is over.

At the appointed hour the captain arises and makes a short speech, the burden of which is his extreme happiness to meet with so many of us on this interesting occasion.

An instrumental solo is to open the entertainment. The captain, gallant in every sense of the word, goes behind the curtain and presently walks to the front of the platform with a young lady on his arm, whom he introduces to the audience. Resuming his seat until the performance is ended, he conducts her again to the place of refuge, bestowing similar attentions upon the next lady.

The instrumental solo is followed by vocal duets, quartettes, rounds, catches, and

a great deal more which I do not understand very well. Everything is received with vociferous applause. And being determined to have the worth of its money the audience *encores* everything, led on by our Englishman, whose clear sonorous voice echoes through the hall not unlike the blast of a bugle. Every *encore* is cheerfully responded to.

But the boys are beginning to be a little troublesome. Our captain—always a man of mild measures, tries a little moral suasion on them to begin with. Coming to the front of the platform he shakes his finger gently at them, saying in a kindly, though meaning tone, "Boys, boys." This has the desired effect, and we now listen in peace to "Jolly Dogs," sung with great spirit by four flaming volunteers.

We have now an intermission of ten minutes, which is spent in criticising things generally. There isn't much difference of opinion; everything is splendid and tip-top. Even our Englishman, who is known to be a judge of music, is pleased to approve of the performance as "not so bad, not so bad so far," with the trifling exception of one young lady's head notes, which are somewhat weak. Then he goes on to relate an incident that occurred the first time he heard Jenny Lind.

The intermission is over. We have another instrumental solo by the same young lady, which may be very fine, but as the boys have not yet composed themselves after their ten minutes' liberty, we hear nothing of it. Once more the captain steps forward, instinctively laying his hand on his sword. Nothing further is required, the significance of this action is understood by all. Having restored peace, the captain resumes his chair, and solos, duets, etc., with their respective *encores*, follow each other in quick succession.

But there is a change in the programme, native talent being apparently exhausted. Foreign talent is represented by Mr. Dubbs, a medical student from the neighboring town, who has distinguished himself in our midst before to-day.

When Mr. Dubbs makes his appearance—music in hand—from behind the scenes, he is greeted with unbounded applause from all parts of the hall, but particularly the opposite end, the occupants of which, forgetful of past warnings, testify their delight by aiming torpedoes at the platform, at the same time encouraging Mr. Dubbs to "come on and do his best, he needn't be scared." This open insult to the stranger who has driven some twenty-five miles this morning, for the express purpose of cheering us with his song, arouses the just indignation of the entire audience.

But the captain is already on his feet. In a tone there is no mistaking, he says, "I think there's a few young persings in the rear end of this hall who seem to forget we've got a lock-up attached to this building." We are troubled with no more noise throughout the evening.

Mr. Dubbs' voice is somewhat quavery, (the effect of style, not nervousness, be it understood). Yet pleasing withal.

He renders "Ever of Thee" in his usual taking manner, is loudly applauded, and of course *encored*, to which he responded by "Good-night, Beloved." The entertainment is concluded by the captain himself, who favors us with "The Bold Marco" in a dashing, spirited, or as the music books have it, *con furioso* style, beating time for himself with his fore-finger, according to his Sunday custom when leading the choir.

He is vigorously *encored*, and responds by darting behind the curtain, reappearing almost instantly with a lady on each arm, followed by the other performers. They range themselves in a line on the platform, while the old Union Jack, caught up by the evening breeze, floats far out over their heads. The audience understand the signal, and with one movement all rise to their feet. Then our captain with head thrown back a little on the left shoulder, partially closed eyes, and still beating time with the fore-finger, starts the first note, and with heart and soul we all join in that grand old anthem so dear to every Canadian. And so ends another Twenty-fourth.

JOHN KANACK'S EXPERIENCES.

BY WILLIAM WYE SMITH.

A TRIP UP WEST.

Montgomery Crow and I had intended to take a trip up to some of the western counties of Upper Canada and look at wild land. But the father's sickness had prevented the son from leaving home, and I did not want to go alone. Toward the end of winter, however, Crow seemed much revived, and Montgomery proposed we should start. He furnished one horse, and I another, and in a good, stout, comfortable sleigh, we tended nor'west toward the great Huron road that ended at Goderich. We struck it before the end of the first day, and were surprised at the amount of traffic on it. We could not drive a quarter of a mile without meeting a string of loaded sleighs—for the settlers when thus moving off their grain soon discovered the advantage of falling in with other teams; the foremost sleigh did all the *diplomacy* necessary in meeting a heavy load, and the other sleighs had but to follow. It was better for us too, for when we met them, we just drew to the side to let them all pass, and then moved on again.

What a blessing human speech is! Here, as we jogged along at six miles an hour, sitting together in the hind seat of the sleigh, our feet among straw, and well covered with a buffalo skin, we could talk with the utmost ease, and with much profit. We let conversation drift where it would, and, as with us in former days, it often ran much deeper than the ordinary gossip of the world at large. Among other things on that first day, we struck on the subject of expressing love and esteem in words, where love and esteem is felt. I confessed then what I need not hesitate to confess now, to a great deficiency in myself in this duty—for a duty it gets to be, if we look at it aright. I said "it seemed enough, and

was far the easier way, to *feel* and *act* a loving part toward those we do love; and that they could easily understand our feelings from all our life and acts, without formal expressions to that effect."

"True, in a certain measure," said Montgomery, "but only a half truth after all. Our theories are all liable to be modified, and can only be verified, by our experiences, and I got a new experience, and in the experience a new light, a few weeks ago."

"How was it?"

"I always thought my father loved me. He *looked* at me sometimes as if he did, and he has naturally fine eyes. There seemed a deep tenderness in them that made me feel uneasiness beneath their glance. But then it was a sort of guesswork after all, till one day he told me, in so many words, that he loved me better than himself. He said he could willingly give up every hope of happiness or success in the world, or life itself, if it were demanded, for my success or happiness. And he told me if ever I had doubted his love never to doubt it again; but to remember that if all the world turned away from me, I had still one human friend. And," said he, with an archness that sits naturally upon him, "if a young fellow has one good Friend in Heaven and one friend on earth, he has something to be thankful for."

I admitted it all, for I had seen families (when I came to think about it) where love itself grew cold, just because it was never allowed to see the light. And it is a pity when so much comfort can be had from human love, not to encourage its growth by giving it air; and not to make it stronger (for it comes to that) by communicating it appropriately and often, in words.

Where I lived there was no hemlock; but before we reached the Huron Road we saw some of it—an evidence, I always thought,

of a cold clay below. By-and-by, cedar began to be scarce; as I could tell by not seeing any in the swamps, and seeing none among the fence rails. The hardwood timber was heavy, and the land seemed flat. That western country looks a great deal better now. The soft wet flats have been cleared, and have dried up. The very "swales" are cleared up, and become beautiful meadows. The long "crossways" through ash swamps have become magnificent "turnpikes." The farmers are all becoming rich by cattle-breeding. But all was different then; and though we thought we could see a hopeful future for the district, still, for the time, the "Huron Tract" was rather forbidding to one who had been accustomed to moderately good farming, and would far rather do downright *plowing* than go scratching among roots!

In enquiring the distance and the way, we had been told it was so far "to Fryfogle's." But who Fryfogle was, we never took trouble to ask. We found, when we came to the place, that it was a roomy brick tavern, kept by an old Teuton of that name; and a sort of landmark on the way between Goderich and Hamilton. "So many miles to Fryfogle's" meant so many miles to a good supper and comfortable lodgings. So we turned in there for dinner and "feed." Two or three miles back, we had picked up a man on foot who had entertained us, when he found we were strangers, with all the gossip of the neighborhood; and now when we had got to the tavern, he must show his gratitude, and reward our courtesy, by *treating* us. But as teetotalers were already abounding in the country, drinkers had learned to feel their way cautiously before fairly offering drink to one who *might* be an abstainer.

"Do you men ever drink anything?"

"Well, not often in winter. Sometimes I don't drink anything in weather like this for two or three days—except at meals."

"Yes, yes; but then don't you never take a glass of beer?"

"No; don't like beer! Haven't tasted it for ever so many years!"

"Well, wot't you have a little of something or other to drink?"

"No, thank you; I'm not a bit thirsty!"

Now I have always found that it puts a toper dreadfully "out" to tell him that you won't drink, because you are not *thirsty*. He thinks it is the most absurd answer in the world!

"Well, now," he persisted, "won't you neither of you come in and have a little nip of good liquor of some kind?"

"No, my friend; we shall eat, but not *drink*. And I would advise you, kindly, to let it alone too. It has never done you any good; and it won't help you to die in peace!"

Fryfogle's yard was full of sleighs, the horses of which were in the stable, feeding, and the bar-room, with its big fire, was full of men.

As we were waiting among the rest for the announcement of dinner, a man who had been looking through the window from a little distance, suddenly exclaimed: "See, see! look at him! look at him," and we just caught a glance of a man disappearing round the corner of the shed. It was our tipling friend! So far from his being able to treat us, his specious invitation was only a roundabout way of getting a treat for himself. Pennyless, degraded, drunken and shiftless, it had come into his head to steal a whip-lash he saw in a sleigh. So taking the whip to the wood-pile, it was the easiest thing in the world to snip off with the axe an inch or two of the stock, and pocket the lash. No sooner thought of than attempted. But watching the bar-room window to see if nobody was looking, the hasty stroke not only severed the whip-stock, but took off his left fore finger as well! With one spring with the stump of his bleeding finger in his mouth, he was off round the shed, and along the road just as we heard the exclamation—"See, look!" from the man who had seen it all!

As we proceeded westward, the snow got deeper. We began to question the wisdom of going to look at wild land with three feet of snow on the ground; we only had eight inches at home. However, we determined to go on; we could "see the country," any way, if we couldn't see the ground. Stratford, straggling about on two hills, with streets all set awry, has since become an airy and pleasant town.

Mitchell was a place of a few half-finished wooden houses, where everything was dear but *oats*; we bought a load as we came back, for a York shilling a bushel. Here we got a new experience in winter travelling. Round the head of Lake Ontario we never had snow deep enough to make right good "pitch-holes" in the road; but all the West was full of them every winter. It only needs the snow to be three feet deep, and the beaten track to be eighteen inches thick, to have the material for any number of pitch-holes. Some slight unevenness of the road induces a sleigh to *dip* a little heavily. The runners gouge out the snow an inch or so, where they strike. The next sleigh does the same at the same place; and soon a regular pit is formed all across the track, four feet over, and a foot deep. These occur about every quarter of a mile. Loads of hay and loads of wood are often wrecked by them. A well-trained western horse, in single harness, will avoid the jerk on the shoulders which these holes will give, by stepping over to the right track, and then back again to the left, when he comes to a pitch-hole, thus bringing the cutter through with a wavy oblique motion, which saves the thumping and jerking, both to man and horse.

We now found the timber very heavy—all hardwood; no cedar, no oak, no pine. Rails all elm and ash, with some basswood. Land flat. A few miles beyond Mitchell we turned off to the south, and worked our way through the new townships, in several different directions, finding the people all wonderfully hospitable and kind. A sudden thaw induced us to stay a few days without taking out the team, as the roads were almost impassable. This we thought was favorable to us, as the snow was not now over a foot deep, and soon became little else than a mass of ice. Oxen couldn't go on the road, and there were scarcely any horses round. The kind-hearted fellow with whom we lodged, wanted badly to take a load of spring wheat to St. Mary's, and Montgomery offered to take it out for him. The offer was gladly accepted, and as they were two days away, I took the chance of following "blazes" here and there on the crust, and visiting a good many new clear-

ings. I was told there was a major, "a real army man," on the next concession, who was interested in everything, and bid fair to be the leading man in the township; and to him I also went. I thought, in the first place, that he must be a curiosity; for a half-pay officer to throw off his coat and lead all his neighbors in "pushing back the forest with their strong arms," was something new in the world. He must be altogether different from the half-pay officers settled on the oak plains about Tipstock! And then I wanted information; and here was an intelligent man to give it.

I found him in a very large log house, consisting of a main building with two or three wings. It gave me the best idea in anything I had seen yet, of what might be made of a log house under the moulding hand of a man of taste. The windows had rustic caps, the verandahs were wide and roomy, a covered way on rustic posts, (without a floor) led along one end of the house to the out-buildings beyond. The roof was steep-pitched, giving fine lofty chambers under it; and the roof of a gabled wing had the Lower Canada touch of flaring out at the eaves, like the pictures we see of Swiss cottages. I was quite taken with the man, as soon as I saw his house. His whole clearing, as far as I could judge, was some four or five years old. All across his front he had run a double fence—the space within being about ten feet clear. In this he had planted nothing, but had just allowed the "second growth" to come up. The second growth, where *everything* has been cut down and burned, is always different from the original timber. Here the timber was heavy elm, maple, beech, basswood, and the like. But the "second growth" was running up (some of it higher than a man's head) poplar, sumach, cherry, birch, and soft maple. It would soon be a belt of beautiful ornamental wood along his front.

Major Thomas was a plain man—plain in the sense that greatness is always plain. He told me that he had had a commission in the line. He had found himself, before long, put more and more on the recruiting service; he supposed it was because they found he had an aptitude for dealing with

men. Had sometimes more than fifty sergeants under him at one time; then having recruited one more than he was asked to do—Mrs. Thomas—he had begged off and got appointed to India. Climate did not suit her, so sent her to Isle of France. Stayed a year or two longer; got a step or two up the ladder; pocketed a few shiners; got retired on half pay in consequence of services, and so and so; got the little kids together and came to Canada; thought he could *recruit* a few fields together, if he could only surround the woods in which they were hiding; knew Upper Canada was best land, and western part of it newest and cheapest, so lighted down *here* and pulled off his coat. Such was the substance, and very nearly the style, of his verbal autobiography. He had a high appreciation of Canadians' muscle; he thought their physical aptitudes for endurance and privation were such that they could never be conquered by any other nation.

"You have no idea," he said, "of the number of men recruited in England, who can't pass the surgeon. Why, speaking in round figures, we would recruit twenty thousand men in the large towns, and perhaps only get eight hundred soldiers out of them! Now, last year—no, year before, I was down in some of the St. Lawrence counties, and saw a militia muster of twelve hundred men; and I declare to you, sir—speaking generally—every one of them would pass! Never saw so magnificent material for an army! A country that produces such men can never be permanently conquered, and northern nations, take the world over, never *are* conquered by southern ones."

"The Romans made, perhaps, an exception," I suggested.

"No, sir, no exception. They conquered northern nations by the help of northern recruits; and, at last, were themselves overrun by hordes of northerns."

Just then Mrs. Thomas came in, and our conversation, which was beginning to take a military turn, was interrupted. It was not often, in those days, that I had the opportunity of being in company with such people,—people who had seen the world, and mingled with its higher circles, with-

out being spoiled by it all. There were plenty of pretended aristocracy, but here they were, in the best and truest sense of the word, and without pretence. I must "stay for tea," and before tea I must "see the farm." Both I found very pleasant. The first thing I was shown was the young orchard. The trees had cost him a good deal, for he had brought them from Hamilton, and it took him a whole week to go after them. I was surprised at their size and beauty, when told they had only been little more than a year planted. I observed also (for I always had an eye for the "plumb" and the "square," and it somehow seemed like a superfluous faculty to me, a farmer), that all his apple trees leaned slightly to the West. He explained both; in the latter he was twenty years ahead of Professor Maury, who has since made the theory popular. He said he got trees a year older than those generally sent out by the nurserymen; and as for their being straight, he selected every tree himself, and helped to lift them; "and catch me," said he, "recruiting a crooked specimen of an apple tree, to carry a hundred miles!" And as to leaning them westward, "I dare say you have observed," he said, "that in almost every orchard in the country, the trees lean easterly. Our prevailing winds are sou'west—a counterbalance to the north-tropical trade-winds, which are nor'east. Our *rain* doesn't come with the west winds, for the Rocky Mountains, and so forth, rob them of all moisture before they get here; we get our rain from the *east*, and so don't get enough of it. My trees, therefore, I set with their backs against the west wind, just as I have set my house."

After looking in at his stable and barn, and taking a little turn round the nearest field, we returned to the house, and to the tea-table, where the first question Mrs. Thomas asked me, was about the Seagrains. The major and his wife knew the family in England, and hearing the name "Skendel," she at once recollected that that was their post office address. Among other things, I spoke of Kitty being a fine-tempered, well-educated girl, and wondered what the captain would do with all his

girls on his hands. "Well, I have a fancy," said Mrs. Thomas, "that I could find a nice place for Miss Catherine here, to take charge of the education of my three elder children; you see what they are (they were all at the table), and I don't need to tell you they are wild enough; in fact they have got beyond my management, what with household duties, and my own *rustiness* in educational matters." The major thought the plan was feasible, and he would write and see about it.

I left this estimable family with very pleasant feelings. It gave me a better hope for my country, to find such men leading the van of society in the bush—a bush soon to show smiling fields and comfortable homes. In the moonlight, on my return, I came across an Indian wigwam. A family had encamped in a thicket, and it was first by the barking of the dog, and then by the illuminated smoke rising from the top opening of the tent, that I found them.

Talking to them in a friendly manner before I came to them at all, I advanced toward the light, and popped within the flap of dirty white cotton that served as a door. The old man looked up as I entered, but allowed me to speak first. He had come from one of the Reserves on Lake Huron, professed Christianity, and when not tempted with the fire-water, was, I dare say, as correct in his life as a high average among the whites. We had quite a chat together in most archaic English. He showed me things he had made—wooden scoop shovels and butter-ladles, and was pleased that I took an interest in these things. Thoughtlessly, I asked to see some baskets, intending to buy one or two, but the old man quickly replied, "No basket—splint no peel." Basket making is a summer trade with them—the winter is given to wood-carving and hunting. An iron pot, containing a savory supper of some kind, probably venison, was boiling over the fire, and he was very careful to keep the fire up, just *so* high. Too much would heat up his wigwam too greatly for comfort, and make his pot boil over, while too little would delay his supper. His firing (as a matter of choice, for there was plenty of wood) was dry hemlock bark, in bits about

as long and broad as his hand. He would replenish his fire by sticking a couple of these bits upright in the ashes beneath his pot, and it was wonderful how nicely the blaze was thus led directly to where it would do most good.

When I got to my quarters, Montgomery Crow was returned from St. Mary's. We had a good many notes to compare, and, until late into the night, much to talk about. Next day we went to see a man we were told wanted to sell out, and whose lot was a very good one. He sold out his "right" for a hundred dollars, one-half of which Montgomery was to pay him as soon as the transfer was made in "the office," and I could not help thinking young Crow looked several inches taller, now that he had got a "farm" of his own. "It has a good standing *crop*," he said, referring to the timber that covered nearly the whole of it, "and it will be a good long harvest to get it taken off!"

Our new friend was so well pleased over his selling out, that he insisted we should have dinner with him. He had a roasted *raccoon*. But we—perhaps with too great squeamishness—declined eating it, and contented ourselves with potatoes and a bit of cold venison. The latter was pretty lean, though palatable enough; but he and his wife were loud in praise of the *coon*. "Capital meat—clean feeding beast enough—nice and fat—people are sometimes too particular. Tell you what, it's all in a notion, sometimes. My cattle wouldn't eat the fodder I had for 'em, till I got them into a different notion, and then they ate it first-rate!"

"Why, what do you feed them on?"

"Well, you see I hadn't no hay last summer, and I didn't like to trust to *browse* for all winter, so as there was a bit of a *slashin'* all growed up with raspberry bushes, I thought I'd mow some of 'em for *hay*—took 'em just in the bloom, you know, when they were full-grown! Well, would you believe it, when the snow come, they wouldn't eat that 'ere kind of hay; and it was well cured too—just snuffed at it, and walked over it; and one old critter got a bunch of it on her horns, and run shaking it all over the clearing. Says I, 'Old cow,

you better eat suthin'! You'll never hear the whippoorwills, if you don't! *I* ain't going to cut browst for you all winter!—*I* just took a chaw o' tobacco on the head of it, and says *I 'll fix you!*' So *I* fenced in the little barrack where *I* had the raspberry *hay*, and made out as how *I* wasn't going to give 'em any of it; and whenever they broke over the fence, *I* run and hollered at 'em, and sot the dog on 'em, and made be-

lieve *I* was awful mad about it; and them critters had just enough human nature in 'em to eat up every bit o' that *hay*, slick and clean! There's nothing like a little *scheming* to get over prejudices! Now very likely," and his eyes twinkled with fun, "if *I*'d had that *coon* all nice roasted, as a present to the major, to entertain some of his military friends, you'd all 'a been begging a slice of it!"

THORWALDSEN'S LOVE.

BY W. H. WITHROW, M. A.

I.

THE DEPARTURE.

"Bertel, is it kindly done,
After all the plighted troth
That ha'h been betwixt us both,
Thus to leave nie sad and lone?"

"See this jewel that *I* wear,
'Tis the troth-pledge thou did'st give;
I will wear it while *I* live;
Ne'er will *I* that faith forswear.

"Dost thou mind thee of the eve—
Sweetest eve was ever known!—
When my heart became thine own?
How that heart this night doth grieve!

"But *I* will not keep thee here,
Though the way is far to Rome,*
And, 'Oh! when wilt thou come home?'
Asks my heart with boding fear,

"Nay, my Bertel, these weak fears
Must not come 'twixt thee and fame,
Thou wilt win a noble name;
See, *I* now dry up my tears.

"Go and dream thy glorious dreams,
Carve the wondrous visions bright,
Breaking on thy inner sight,
Radiant all with Heaven's own gleams.

"Woo and win thy true bride, Art;
Strike from out the marble cold,
Grandeur, beauty manifold;
Thine be fame's and fortune's part.

"But when dames of Italy—
Stately, high-born, fair of face—
Praise thy work to win thy grace,
Think of thine own Amalie.

"Oh, my Bertel, noble Dane,
When high fame shall thee betide,
Should'st thou wed a Southern bride—
Nay, *I* will not give thee pain.

"Oh, my heart's beloved one!
While the nations praise afar,
And thou shinest like a star,
Cold, remote and all alone,

"Think, 'neath Denmark's northern sky
One shall ever sigh to thee,
'Come, oh star, come down to me,
Come and love me, or *I* die!"

* Thorwaldsen was a year making the journey from Copenhagen to Rome, in consequence of shipwreck and delays.

II.

THE RETURN.

Toll the church bells sad and slow,
Wail the trumpets, roll the drums,
Who is this that hither comes
With a mighty sound of woe ?

Fifty years have passed away
Since to Rome the Northland gave
The youth who played by Baltic's wave,
And he thus returns to-day.

Now they bear him to his grave,
Copenhagen's honored son,
All his glorious life-work done :
The Lord takes away ; He gave.

And amid the surging throng,
Racked by agonizing sobs,
Quivering with her deep heart-throbs,
Was she borne who waited long—

Waited long and faithful proved,
Trimmed affection's lamp to burn
Bright and clear for his return,
The Leander whom she loved.

Through the years came greetings fond,
Then the sudden words of woe :—
" All the meeting thou mayest know
Must be in the Great Beyond."

Strewn upon her hoary head
Are the snows of seventy years,
And her eyes are filled with tears,
And her heart is with the dead.

Now the solemn rite is o'er,
They have borne him to the tomb,
Left him mid sepulchral gloom,
And life's tide returns once more.

As when ships go down at sea,
Soon the waves return again,
And upon the watery plain
No record of the loss may be ;

But to those whose precious freight
Perished with the foundered bark
All the future may be dark
With the sombre clouds of fate.

So when mighty souls go down,
Ships upon the sea of Time,
Sinking 'neath its deep abime,
Still may live their great renown ;

But in some fond, faithful heart
Still an aching sense of loss,
Every feeling doth engross,
And of life henceforth is part.

III.

REUNION.

To the tomb of Thorwaldsen †
Creeps a figure weak and old,
Falls upon the marble cold,
Kisses it—again—again.

All around is sculpture rare,
Trophies that his genius wrought,
Grand embodiments of thought,
All of great, sublime and fair.

Still her arms embrace the stone
Over her Thorwaldsen's breast—
Here her faithful heart finds rest,
Here she ends her life-long moan.

With her fingers, long and thin
Traces she the much-loved name—
None may now reproach or blame
Her fond, faithful love of him.

Calm she lieth, still and dumb
As babe upon its mother's breast—
None may now disturb her rest,
Her life-guard now is won.

Hush ! nay, speak not, breathe no breath,
For these long-divided ones,
While Forever's current runs,
Are united now by Death.

Learned is now the mystic lore
Of the world beyond the tomb,
Vanished are Time's grief and gloom,
Love is love forevermore.

† In the celebrated Thorwaldsen Museum, at Copenhagen. The incident recorded is an historical fact.

THE INDIAN MOTHER.

BY GREGOR BURGESS.

The snow lay deep in the woods and on the inland streams, rendering the hunters' occupation doubly arduous. Daily roamed in search of food the indefatigable Nimrods; returning, however, at night with scarce sufficient for the single meal per day to which all were now reduced. Of this Wasesqueo and her son received invariably the least and worst portion; but as harsher grew their treatment of herself and boy, the more tenderly did the unhappy mother press to her breast her only child. His cheeks had now lost the bloom of health, appearing wan and thin. Seated on the brush of the camp with listless aspect and subdued mien, the poor fatherless boy looked certainly a fit object of compassion. The orphan, however, might as soon expect pity from the starving tiger or enraged elephant trampling his victim, as from Etap or his sons, who so far forgot the dignity of manhood as to tease and abuse on every possible occasion, a woman and child almost in the last stages of exhaustion. Escaping from the tormenters of herself and child, the troubled mother would hie away to the thick, silent woods, where, making a fire, she would solace herself recounting to her boy the hunting exploits of his dead father. How on the Shabootanwan lake, when autumn had changed to yellow the forest leaves, he followed, for hours, in his swift canoe, the beautifully speckled, cunning coon until that mighty diver had been killed; or, when, after being absent all day, he would return at evening time, loaded with ducks and beavers that he had shot on the beautiful, placid lakes among the woods. But greatest of all 'twould be, when, after days of absence, he returned to their camp, proud and elated, handing to his wife the claw of a bear, joyful sign that a monarch of the woods was slain. Then would follow an account of how, whilst visiting his rabbit snares, he had

fallen upon the fresh track of the thievish lynx; that throwing down in the snow his load of dead rabbits he had chased over hill and plain, until by speed of foot he overtook the snare robber and struck him dead with his axe. Numerous were her stories also of the beautifully furred martins, minks and otters he had trapped; telling him, too, of times when the valuable silver-gray or black fox had been brought to their lodge; and, last but not least, that frequently on their hunting grounds in the Cabistachewin country, forty deer in one winter had fallen before his unerring aim. With such reminiscences did the poor mother recall past and happier days, endeavoring by them to while away the miserable hours of life. How soon, alas! they were destined to follow the departed hunter, let the gentle reader learn from this true tale. Reluctantly rising from her brushy seat, she would tell her son, "Ho! my little man, we must return to the camp, where again they are certain to abuse us; but never mind, if it's the will of the Great Spirit, we shall see the spring as well as they." Entering amid the evil looks and spiteful words of her near relations—among whom was her own father—she would hasten to their part of the camp, where, covering themselves with a tattered blanket, they soon forgot in heaven-sent sleep, the miseries of existence. Far on into that beautiful moonlight night, old Etap (her father) beat his deerskin covered drum and sang his conjuring songs, hoping thereby to propitiate the spirit whose peculiar province it is to give unto or withhold from the Indian, the reindeer. Next morning with throat parched, blood-shot eyes, and swollen lips, he communicated to his daughter, to an invalid son, called James, with his wife Numaby and their three children, that they must all leave the camp instantly and endeavor to

reach the Hudson Bay post of Mistasiomy. Meanwhile, looking more like a demon than a human creature, "Ha!" he continued, "'tis your fault we are now starving; last winter you allowed the dogs to gnaw the deer bones, consequently the deer god is angry and withholds his food theretofore. Evil livers that you are, leave my lodge, and may the bad spirit burn your bodies." Knowing full well the improbability of their ever reaching the Company's post, in tears the poor expatriated heard the inhuman order. But as there was no alternative, it behove them to depart, rather than remain to be murdered. So telling her son, "Go, my child, and bid your grandfather good-bye, for you will never see him again in this world," Wasesqueo left the tent, followed by her companions. Here were these unfortunates without an atom of food among them, and in their famished condition compelled to proceed on a journey which it would take a man in robust health four days to perform. Truly indeed said the poet, that

"Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn."

Before we accompany them on their harrowing walk, we shall first mention how fared the rest of the inmates of that camp. No sooner were the miseries out of sight than Etap ordered the tent to be struck. Lashing their property and camp equipage on the sleighs, the party proceeded eastward. At the Kabuskeka Swamp they fell in with a herd of 20 deer, every one of which they killed. So that ere night they had glutted their fierce appetites by drinking blood and eating flesh still reeking warm from the animals. Although their starving relations were within 15 miles, yet none attempted to reach or succor them. The first day Wasesqueo and party went about 12 miles, camping among small birch and poplar trees, where several rabbit tracks were perceived. After cutting down some brush for the children to sit on, and making a small fire for them, James, Wasesqueo and Numaby then proceeded to set rabbit snares. Early next morning the snares were visited; two rab-

bits, however, only were found in them. These with the liquor or broth were equally divided among all. Our readers will have an idea of the insufficiency of this meal when we state that an Indian child can very readily dispose of two rabbits at one meal, without at all considering that he has eaten too much. Let them judge, then, how unsatisfied these seven starving people must have felt. Their next camp was among burnt woods, where white partridge tracks were seen, but the Indian on following them up, soon reached the spot from whence the birds had flown away. Supperless, then, they went to bed. About noon of the next day, Numaby's oldest son, a lad of fourteen, dropped down on the ice from exhaustion. He was left to his fate, none showing less concern than the mother. The next morning when preparing to start, Wasesqueo found her son was entirely unable to walk. Finding that her own weakened condition prevented her from carrying or hauling the boy, she determined, rather than abandon her child, to remain and die with him. Her brother and the heartless Numaby did their utmost to dissuade her from such a step, urging her by all means to save her own life, but her invariable answer was, "I love my son too much; I cannot leave him." Then turning, she would fondly kiss the wasted little face, that in health had been so pretty. In the autumn, the Indians found the bones of the mother and child mingled together. Let us hope that an all merciful God has permitted them to gain that haven where "the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest."

Little now remains to be told. That same evening James found fresh signs of a porcupine. Eagerly looking around, it was not long ere he saw the animal and killed him. This carefully doled out lasted them three days, when, unable to proceed further, Numaby gave out. Here with her children she was left by James, who reached the company's post, but in a fearful state of exhaustion. After partaking of food he was enabled to mention where he left his wife and children, from whence they were hauled to the establishment by some of the Company's employees.

NOTES OF A HASTY TRIP.

FROM THE LETTERS OF C. C.

(Continued.)

SEPTEMBER 3, 1872.—We were on the sea all night, and rising at 4 o'clock witnessed a glorious crimson sunrise on the Mediterranean; the air was cool and fresh, and the sea a deep blue. At half-past five we disembarked at Leghorn, a modern-looking city, houses light colored and streets wide and well paved with large blocks of stone. After breakfast we took the cars to Pisa, about 15 miles off, and made our way directly from the station to the church called Il Duomo, the Baptistry or round tower, and the Leaning Tower—all three built of marble, with a great deal of beautiful sculpturing. The pulpit in the Baptistry is the handsomest I ever saw, and I immediately recollected making about the same observation when I saw a *fac-simile* of it at the South Kensington Museum, London. The Leaning Tower was quite up to my expectations; it is, indeed, a most remarkable structure. The sensations I experienced in ascending it were very peculiar; it is called the *Campanile* and supports seven clear-ringing, good-sized bells; the interior is quite open from top to bottom. The ascension is made by a winding stairway round the building in the thickness of the wall, which is well lighted. On beginning the ascent I could not suppress a certain vague feeling of dread, as if everything was not right; then I found myself involuntarily forced first against the outside wall, then down hill almost, then against the inner wall, and again felt the climbing very difficult, and so on to the top of the eight stories, the steps inclining like the tower. From the top an excellent view was had, extending to the Mediterranean in front and to the Apennines behind. Descending the tower with the same sensations as ascending, I went to the Campo Santo or enclosed cemetery, where the walls were

decorated with very peculiar paintings of Biblical subjects, including a somewhat suggestive one of the Last Judgment,* and taking a general walk through the town, we returned to Leghorn at 4 p.m., and embarked on board the "Stella d'Italia" bound for Naples, 300 miles south. Finding the vessel was not going to start for a couple of hours, I took a boat and had a swim in the ancient sea, the water of which is very salt and buoyant and of a very comfortable temperature. Owing to some peculiarity in the water, every stroke of my hands filled it with sparks all around me, which shone very brightly in the dark. At 11 p.m. the vessel set sail, or rather steamed off, and we were on board the whole of the following day (Wednesday), and until half-past four on the morning of

September 5, 1872.—We enjoyed the trip very much; the weather was delightful; we witnessed a lovely sunrise and a sunset; on the latter occasion the sun went down perceptibly like a ball of gold into the sea, which became in the evening of an indigo blue in appearance. We likewise had a good view of several islands, including Elba and part of Corsica. The sun had not made its appearance as we left the vessel's side, and Vesuvius showed no signs of its volcanic character. We made our way to the New York Hotel, left our baggage, and looked for a *café* to breakfast. There was one just opposite the railway station. Before entering we turned to look at Vesuvius, and lo! it was smoking at a great rate; only for a few minutes, however, and then ceased. At half-past six, we took the train to Portici, the nearest station to Vesuvius, with alpenstock and field-glass; there a guide took charge of us, and discarding mules and porters, we pushed on through the village of Resina and up the mountain

as far as the Royal Observatory, more than half way, where a halt was made for refreshments at 9 a.m., after a hot walk of two hours. Hitherto the ascent, though steep, had not been difficult; a road had been made through the lava for mules. The lava through which the road had led for an hour was of two kinds—that of this spring being entirely composed of scoria, or lava scum, and resembling ploughed fields, so much as to deceive me at first; the lava of 1858^{was} very pure and hard, and not yet entirely cold, as the guide showed us crevices out of which hot air still came. This latter resembled externally the sea after a heavy storm when the waves, though smooth, are high; only the waves of lava appeared on the surface like a sea of thick paste that had been stirred up with poles and stopped in that position. At half-past nine we reached the beginning of the *cone*. Here all signs of vegetation ceased, and the ascent, hitherto over lava, must now be up a much steeper incline, and wading nearly knee deep at times in cinders resembling dry mud broken up very fine. In a quarter of an hour we came to patches of yellow cinders, impregnated with sulphur, which still smelt very strongly, and exuded in places through holes where the heat was very considerable. At a quarter past ten, we stood on the edge of the crater. My liveliest imaginations had never pictured such a crater; it really looked like an entrance to the regions of Satan. The whole crater is, I should think, about one mile in circumference, and, previous to the last eruption, had formed only one hole; but that eruption had formed a new crater and thrown up a ridge between it and the old one. Along this ridge we walked as far as the guide would allow us, and though the bottom of neither craters could be seen, yet a good view of the whole was obtained. For about one-half the way down the crater was composed of cinders like the outside, but much steeper, and completely dyed in many places with all the colors sulphur could give, principally yellow ochre and deep dark red; below, the rocks seemed to descend in precipices sheer down into the bowels of the earth, where away down we could occasionally hear, in peculiar tones, the boiling of lava—a noise

resembling a snow slide off a long roof in winter. After each boiling a cloud of dust like smoke would rise out of the horrible pit. The sight was grand and terrible. We walked almost around the crater on its edge, our boots burning hot at times; once we had to pass through a cloud of sulphur that almost choked me. Small apertures whence the white sulphurous smoke arose led into the earth. The heat here was very great; we shoved our alpenstocks down a couple of feet, and in a few seconds they were well scorched, causing the iron band to fall off. We began the descent at a quarter past eleven, and came down the first part in six foot strides at a great rate. At 11.50 we stopped to empty our boots of cinders at the Observatory, and arrived at Resina at half-past one, after a hard but interesting walk in a hot Naples sun of 12 or 15 miles.

Herculaneum lies right below Resina; we went down about one hundred steps to see it, and I was disappointed. Owing to the difficulty of excavating the lava what can be seen is comparatively little; part of a theatre orchestra, &c., and a street with a few houses near what used to be the sea shore, nothing very remarkable. From Resina we drove in a carriage to Pompeii, eight miles, over a road very dusty, whose white dust had been blown over and covered the fences and trees in the immediate vicinity, giving them a strange appearance. At 4 p.m. we entered ancient Pompeii between high banks of white pumice stones and cinders, covered with cactuses and other succulent plants. With Pompeii I was not disappointed; the sight was far in excess of my expectations; one-third of the whole city was before me, minus the roofs of the houses. Here was a forum surrounded with large pillars and noble mansions, and a theatre whose worn steps shewed theatres to have been as much frequented then as now. Very near was a fine, long, well paved street, with deep ruts worn in the stone, and the stepping stones laid across the street in various places to cross on in wet weather. On either side were handsome private houses paved with mosaic of various devices, and furnished with marble fountains, statuary and household gods; the walls beautifully painted,

though the taste of the people of that day was very questionable. In one place was a bake shop with mill-stones and oven, and near by a stall at which wine and oil were sold. A river, of whose water we drank, flows under the ancient city; many of the temples were very fine, and were also a number of monuments, and in a good state of preservation. We left Pompeii, of which space and time allow me to say very little, well satisfied, and took the cars at 6.30 p.m. to Salerno, intending to drive with a span of horses and see the celebrated temples at Paestum next day, 24 miles; but being informed at the Victoria Hotel that a guard of soldiers would be necessary, as bandits and brigands were plentiful, and it being necessary to pay said soldiery rather steep, we decided to postpone that trip, and at 5.25 a.m. on

September 6th, 1872, started back in the cars, and, switching off when halfway, went to Castellamare and there took a bus and drove round the Bay of Naples towards Sorrento, said to be one of the finest drives in the world. After a drive of two hours, we returned to the station *moderately* satisfied, and thence back to Naples at a quarter to eleven. We spent the rest of the day at the great Museum, where there is a magnificent collection of statuary, bronzes, &c., from Pompeii and other ancient cities, and likewise a numerous collection of poor paintings, which it would be useless to enumerate. Miles, 8,380.

NAPLES, Sept. 7, 1872.—This morning at a quarter-past four K. and I were again bestirring ourselves, and at five o'clock engaged a wagon for the day. Leaving Naples by the Grotta di Posilipo, a remarkable tunnel through a mountain 2,244 feet long, 22 feet wide and 25-69 feet high, but nearly all the latter height built in the Emperor Nero's time, and lighted day and night by gas, we drove along the sea shore, meeting numerous squads of men and women with and without mules, going to market with their assorted stores of grapes, figs, pears, &c. The first place of interest was Pozzuoli, a town of about 20,000 inhabitants, known as Puteoli in ancient times, and then celebrated for its mineral and steam baths, many remains of which are still to be seen, though a large part of

the town was destroyed by an eruption of the volcano of Solfatara, in the sixteenth century. Taking a guide from here, and driving on, we passed the base of Monte Nuovo, a mountain formed in a single night the same time that Pozzuoli and Cumæ were destroyed by Solfatara, and made our first halt on the shores of Lake Avernus of classic memory. The lake is about 10 miles round, and 150-250 feet in depth. It is an old crater and its borders are lined with vines, chestnut, orange, lemon, pomegranate and fig trees. On the southern border of Lake Avernus, whence Virgil makes Æneas descend to the infernal regions, is the "Grotto of the Sibyl," also celebrated by Virgil, situate on the borders of the river Styx, a subterranean stream about 300 feet or more into the mountain in a downward direction; we were shown the bath, couch, oracle, &c., of the Sibyl, and were ferried (?) over the Styx on the shoulders of porters,—not a very comfortable position, as the water was two or three feet deep, and the cave in some parts very narrow and low, and dimly lit up by the torches carried in front by guides. Leaving these interesting localities, we drove on a short distance to a place called the Baths of Nero. Here we again entered a mountain to several rooms, and taking off our coats, vests and collars, prepared to follow a naked young urchin who led us through a long narrow tunnel through which a hot current of steam passed—so hot that we were obliged to double up and keep our heads close to the ground, where it was a little cooler, to breathe; and even then it was hard work. We gradually descended into the earth, and at last reached a place where our progress was obstructed by a stream of water that there found an outlet and ran down the tunnel to parts unknown. The water was so hot it scalded my fingers and boiled an egg in two minutes, which I afterwards enjoyed eating. We found our way out of those regions of Hades, by some other tunnel equally hot, and whence ever and anon branched off new tunnels, and when at the entrance, although the whole walk had not probably occupied more than five minutes, we were in as thorough a perspiration as any Turkish bath could produce. The

country all around here is covered with the remains of Roman villas, sepulchral monuments, temples, &c. The remains of the villas of Cicero, Julius Cæsar, Pompey, &c., were shown us, and we inspected the ruins of three temples of Venus, Mercury and Diana; in that of Venus was a good echo; various flying and other fancy figures could also be seen on the walls. Our drive led past the almost perfect remains of an immense covered reservoir on the heights near the sea shore, designed to supply the Roman navy with fresh water. This *Piscina Mirabilis*, as it was called, is 280 feet long by 80 feet broad, and its massive roof of masonry is supported by 48 columns. We descended into it by a stairway of 40 steps, while from its summit we afterwards had a most delightful view. At *Mare Morte*, a lake so called because surrounded by hills full of tombs, we reached the limit of the drive near the promontory of *Mycenum*, and retracing our way through this enchanting and classic country, passed *Baiæ* and *Cumæ* again. We stopped at *Pozzuoli*, and walked up to the crater of *Solfatara*, by an eruption of which *Monte Nuova* was formed in 1538, A. D. After half an hour's hot walking we reached the crater, three miles in circumference (twice the size of *Vesuvius*). At the opposite side a cloud of steam rose with a noise like the roaring of a mighty furnace. We walked to the spot, and beheld a small sulphur-colored cave in the side of the hill. At the end of the cave, from an apparently very small aperture, the sulphureous steam rushed forth, the noise now resembling that produced by a large steamer letting off steam, and coating the rocks around with incrustation of arsenic, ammonia, sulphur and the purest alum. Large quantities of sulphur are manufactured from the sulphureous exhalations in the crater. The ground all about here has a peculiar and remarkable hollow sound. Our guide said that 20 feet below the surface were lakes of hot sulphur water, which found an exit through *Pozzuoli* to the sea, and it was with this water that the ancients of *Pozzuoli*, then called *Puteoli*, formed baths. There is said to be a subterranean connection between this crater and *Vesuvius*. On our way down the mountain we turned

aside to see the ruins of an ancient temple of *Jupiter Serapis*, and of a very large amphitheatre; in the latter place the dens of wild beasts, the chambers of the gladiators, the place for imitation sea combats, &c., were to be seen in a good state of preservation.

Continuing on the road to *Naples*, we in half an hour made a deviation of about a mile to the left to see the place where *Lake Agnano* used to be. It was drained off last year. Near by are the *Stufe di St. Germano*, hot vapor exhalations from the infernal regions like *Solfatara*. In one chamber (a separate place) the earthen floor and walls were quite cold, yet on standing in it the body was affected as though in a furnace almost, and the air was, near the ground, impregnated with ammonia, which it pricked one's nose to breathe. A few yards further on were the remains of an ancient tunnel, nearly choked up, at the entrance to which a hut is erected. Going into the hut the guardian then opened a door leading into the tunnel, or "*Grotta del Cane*," as it is called. We walked in, but noticed nothing; a dog was then hauled in, and held a few seconds, despite frantic efforts to escape. It was then thrown out half suffocated, and it was painful to look at, as for a while it kicked on its back gasping for breath. A few minutes later, however, it gambolled about, chasing lively lizards, that are very plentiful over the country, as though nothing had happened. Lighted torches were now introduced, and as they were lowered to the ground the noxious vapor and carbonic acid gas put the light out more neatly than if put into water. Going outside the door and kneeling down, we could see that the smoke from the torches had settled in the noxious vapor, and lay there without ascending, level as a board, and showing exactly how high the vapors reached. Re-passing through the long tunnel, or *Grotta di Posilipo*, we stopped for the last time to ascend to the *Grotto* where is placed *Virgil's Tomb*, and passing under some vines and fig trees, I helped myself liberally to fruit thereof. We reached our hotel at two o'clock p.m., washed, and went for a walk to the summit of the hill of *St. Elmo*, where a beautiful, richly decorated marble church,

St. Martino's, is situated—the prettiest in Naples. We then went through the Cathedral, Royal Palace, and gardens, and finished the day by a swim in the Bay and a hearty dinner. At 10 p.m. we were in the cars on the way to Rome, and, travelling all night, reached the Eternal City at half-past six o'clock a.m.

September 8, 1872,—but before going on I would like to give my impression of Naples. The climate is not as warm as I expected. The city is much larger than I imagined—600,000 inhabitants. The places

of public interest are few in the city, but abound in the neighborhood. There are very few nice looking ladies in the place. I received a bad impression of Italians and their extortions. The streets are narrow and have no sidewalks. The Bay is very fine. The beggars and carters baffle description; as a whole they are the most pertinent and impertinent lot of insufferable bores it was ever my lot to encounter, and both classes are as numerous as flies in August. So much for Naples and its bright sky and surroundings.

(To be continued.)

A NIGHT OF TERROR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AGNES."

It was in the outskirts of a Canadian city in a detached building that I was going to pass the night. The house was surrounded by a sort of garden, and to the rear there was a large field through which might be reached the more distant suburbs of the city. I had passed a very pleasant evening with my entertainer and his family, and had retired to my room at about midnight. It was summer, and the night was dark enough to prevent the ground being seen with any clearness. Taking a book I lay down on my bed and turned over the leaves; while doing so I became conscious of voices in the garden. I listened and became more satisfied of the presence of some persons in the vicinity of the house. I put out my light and went to the window and soon became positive of two men speaking in hush-

ed whispers beneath my window, which was in the second story. Listening more attentively I could distinguish some of the words, and gathered from them that an attack was meditated on the house, and murder was intended as a punishment on my friend for his interference in certain political agitations which were at the time causing considerable uneasiness in the community. The servants occupied bedrooms in the basement, but it was possible to effect an entrance into the house by the gallery on the first flat. This plan was discussed by the two men, but one of them was evidently acquainted with one of the servants, and he made known his presence by gently rapping against the window panes.

"Who is that?" asked one of the girls.

"It's me, Susan; open the door."

"What do you want?"

"Open the door and I will tell you."

After some further conversation I could hear the door opened, and my bedroom being above the kitchen, although one flat intervened, I could hear pretty distinctly what was said by the conspirators. The servants had left their bedroom, and were sitting in the kitchen.

"In the first place," began one of the men, "we want some supper."

This was procured, and the rattle of knives and forks alone disturbed the silence until Susan asked,

"Now that you are in, what do you want?"

"You will not wait long to see that. Bill, have you got your knife ready?"

"My God!" cried out Susan, "are you going to commit murder?"

"You keep quiet or I'll soon make you," said one of the villains.

But Susan was now really terrified and attempted to reach the door. The men were too quick and the two servants were soon gagged and bound. They, however, continued to struggle, till the one who was called Bill, put a stop to that by drawing his knife across her throat, and afterwards treating the other unfortunate girl in the same manner. I distinctly heard the dripping of the blood on the kitchen floor. The ruffians had evidently made sure work, for in a short time not the slightest movement was discernible.

The reader may imagine the agony which I was then enduring, but this agony was

intensified to an almost inconceivable height when I found myself incapable of motion; although not tied or bound, I was incapable of moving a single limb or of uttering a word. If I had been reduced to almost a state of syncope my hearing powers were greatly increased. Not a movement or a breathing of the two men down stairs escaped me, and I soon became aware of their creeping slowly up stairs. They passed my room door, one remarking that I was a stranger. The murderers entered the bedroom where Mr. — and his wife were sleeping; they took handkerchiefs steeped in chloroform and soon their victims were in a state of insensibility. An artery was opened in each, and death by bleeding slowly but surely ensued. A son and a daughter were then visited and met with the same fate, and the murderers then took their departure; long after which I could hear the dripping of blood from the four corpses in the different bedrooms. The dawn of day began now to break the sky, and I could distinguish articles in the room. I found that I had regained the use of my limbs, but I was still suffering from the agony of mind; the dripping of blood continued, and as I listened to it more intently, methought it came from the window. I looked around me,—I was lying on my bed, my lamp still burning at my side, and my book fallen from my hand. It was but a dream of terror, whose illusion of the whispering had been caused by the wind in the trees, and of the dropping of the blood by the pattering of the rain against the window panes.

GIPSEY'S GOVERNESS.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Where are you going, Gipsy?" asked Mr. Grantly, one Sunday evening as Gipsy came down equipped for a walk, and looking exceedingly well in her handsome walking suit and rich furs. Her dress was now chosen by Amy, and the latter's perfect taste in the selection of proper apparel wrought a great change in the appearance of her charge, who was fast developing into an extremely stylish girl, with a queenly air that gave her somewhat of the distinguishing charm of her father. Then she was so happy and merry that people never stopped to criticise her features. Her large frank mouth was ever curved with laughter, and her singularly beautiful violet eyes completed her attractions.

"I'm going where I please," was the saucy answer.

"Do you please to have me go with you, Miss Dunsford?" enquired her cousin.

"No, thank you; Harry is waiting for me. We are going to hear that new minister from Dwata.

"Is that the Indian village?"

"Yes! Mr. Dennison is to preach in the Valley Church to-night. If you are anxious to take an airing, Allen, come along with Miss McAlpine; she ran back for her muff." Gipsy walked coolly out of the door and down the bare leafless avenue with Harry. When Amy came tripping down the stairs she found herself deserted by her young companions, and Mr. Grantly, cap in hand, waiting for her.

"Have you seen Gipsy, Mr. Grantly?" enquired Amy.

"Yes, Miss McAlpine, she has gone, and she commissioned me to take care of you. Have you any objections?"

"Oh no, but"—and Amy stopped; she scarcely knew what to say.

"You were going to remind me of my allegiance to Miss Gilmour. She has gone

to Mrs. Forgie's. Jack drove her to town an hour ago. Miss Forgie is ill, I believe."

Without further ceremony, Mr. Grantly opened the door and Amy passed out on the beautiful snow into the clear crisp air, where the moonlight bathed hill and vale, and "the welkin above was all white, all panting and throbbing with stars."

Like one in a dream, Amy found herself walking down the broad road by Mr. Grantly's side. His voice made her think of Quebec and the steamer. Once more she saw the battlements and was listening to the courteous stranger, as he tried to banish her loneliness, and interest her in the surrounding scenery.

"I had a letter from your staunch friend, Captain Watson. He was very anxious to hear all particulars about you," said Grantly.

"How kind he is," said Amy, now brought back from the gleaming waters to the glittering earth shroud over which she was treading. "I shall never forget his kindness to me when Aunt Bessie died. I was so dreadfully ill and heart-sore that his goodness was fully appreciated."

"It is an odd coincidence that we should meet here, Miss McAlpine; I fancied you were going to Toronto."

"Oh no, I was coming to Cleaton to aunt Bessie's sister who once lived here. I am afraid that she is dead. I think aunt had not heard from her for many years. Aunt thought Canada such a small place that we could easily find her. If I only knew my aunt's married name—but I don't."

Mr. Grantly was on the point of asking Amy her aunt's maiden name, when they reached the Valley Church and the subject was forgotten.

On entering, they saw Gipsy comfortably seated in an upper pew near the organ. Nothing daunted by her conspicuous position, she motioned them to come up beside her.

"Splendid seat, eh?" said Gipsey. "See what crowds are coming in."

And there were crowds of people. The pews were filled, and benches were being placed in the aisles, when the minister, a young man with a commanding figure and handsome face, came toward the pulpit, threading his way among the throng of people who fell back to let him pass. Amy quietly glided to the organ near by the singers.

"Does Miss McAlpine play here," asked Mr. Grantly, in a surprised whisper.

"Oh, yes," nodded Gipsey, "she's organ-grinder to this community. She teaches in the Sunday-school, and does all manner of pious things."

"Hush, listen," said Allen as the deep notes of the first voluntary broke through the old chapel.

Amy's fingers were drawing a wonderful harmony from the crazy old organ, and the people listened solemnly to the sacred air that was passing through the stillness. The strange minister glanced for a moment at the youthful organist, then bending forward he drank in every note. The triumphant tones mellowed into a low sweet unison of blending minor chords and the music died away. The simple, primitive opening service over, the minister rose and gave out the text.

The commanding appearance of the stranger and the power written in every line of his resolute face drew the attention of his auditors, who still felt the power of Amy's music. They listened with a softened feeling to the holy words. Old truth and startling thoughts were clothed in language of perfect simplicity, bearing tokens of a powerful intellect, and all were touched with the utterances of the speaker. The story told, music once more pealed out in chorus with the sweet voices of the singers.

Then followed the benediction, after which the congregation, still awed, stole out into the crisp, wintry night; some with thoughts raised and purified, others conscious of the void now deeper—of the something wanting, they scarce knew what.

The chapel was nearly deserted when Ralph Dennison raised his bowed head and walked over to the organ, and spoke quietly to one of the deacons, a fussy little

man, who was talking to Amy about a Sunday-school festival in prospect. The diminutive deacon, with his heels and hems and perfect destitution of musical appreciation, was an intolerable annoyance to Amy, for he generally improved the moments while she played to annoy her with questions and constant talking.

When she was leaving, the little man, now all importance, with smirks and smiles, bowing double, said:

"Miss McAlpine, allow me the pleasure of presenting to you our dear brother and distinguished preacher, the Rev. Mr. Dennison. Mr. Dennison," he added, making another elaborate bow, "allow me the pleasure; this is Miss McAlpine, a lady who has kindly thrown her lot amongst us, and proved a most efficient co-worker in this vineyard."

A shadow of a smile gathered over Mr. Dennison's lips, but taking Amy's hand he frankly said, "I wanted to thank you, Miss McAlpine. Your music helped me to-night. I've heard none like it since I left England. There are times, you perhaps know, when something heavenly and inspiring helps us as cold water does the thirsty soul."

"I am very glad," answered Amy as frankly; "I felt like playing with all my heart to-night."

Allen Grantly, Gipsey, and Harry saw the meeting at the organ with mingled feelings. Mr. Grantly was conscious of a certain annoyance that this dark, handsome stranger should seek Amy, while his companions were tittering audibly at the pompous little deacon, with the seedy frock coat and the vast amount of stiffly starched shirt bosom.

Amy moved down the aisle with Mr. Dennison, and the deacon flew round, closing the organ and extinguishing the lights. A very consequential little soul was Deacon Green of the Valley Chapel,—one of those who must always, to use a vulgar phrase, "have a finger in the pie."

He attended all the weddings, bowing, smirking, smiling—a most necessary personage to manage trifling matters. A funeral he never missed. On these occasions he groaned slightly for a change, and

looked equal to any emergency. Only one person could subdue the little man's pomposity, and that was his help-mate, Mrs. Jeremiah Green. She was an energetic Methodist, and no way inclined to tolerate other persuasions, so that her deacon was in constant dread of his wife, who did not see "as it was any sich great thing to be a deacon of that little Valley Church."

Mr Dennison had to pass Dunsford on his way to the house of the friends with whom he was spending a few days, so he joined Amy and Allen, and walked to the gate with them. They were both charmed with his conversation, it was so fresh. He had the rare power of drawing people out, and of making them talk while he listened, throwing in now and then happy ideas.

"I like him," said Mr Grantly with real enthusiasm, as the tall figure strode rapidly away. "He has the ring of true metal in him, and he's young too. 'Is he more than twenty-three, do you think?'"

"Scarcely that, I fancy," answered Amy. "He is so happy and genial, yet so good."

"Yes, I must see more of him. I'm acquainted with the Fergusons. I'll call there to-morrow." True to his word Allen did call, and grew more interested in the stranger, and finally after some days acquaintance accompanied Mr. Dennison to his distant home in the backwoods. A friendship was formed between the two young men which was never broken, and which roused Allen from his idle, aimless life. Ralph Dennison with his indefatigable zeal and stirring ardor could ill bear to see his new friend roaming through life making none happier by his existence. He took Allen honestly to task, and frankly told him that to live such a life was to encumber the earth.

This rough life in an Indian village amongst the hills and woods, was a novelty to the gently bred Allen Grantly, and he was puzzled to understand why a man of fortune, and a gentleman—for Ralph Dennison "bore without abuse the grand old name of gentleman"—should bury himself far away from the refinements of polished life.

One evening as the two were sitting in

their parlor—a rough room filled with books and papers, yet bearing evidence of the taste of a man of wealth and culture, and ornamented with the accoutrements of a hunter—Allen suddenly asked his friend why he had chosen such a hermit's life.

"Well, Allen"—they had drifted into the familiar Allen and Ralph—"I wonder you have not asked me that question before. I have expected this ever since you came here."

"You're exciting my curiosity; go on, Dennison," and Allen pushed away his paper and leaned backward on his chair.

"To make along story short, I came here at my mother's request. It was one of her last wishes." Mr. Dennison busied himself over the fire.

"Here is the poker," and Allen pushed it over the floor with his foot. "But what a queer fancy for a lady to have! What made her so anxious to have you come amongst these dirty, filthy Indians?—The miserable sinners! Do you know, Ralph, that it amuses me beyond everything to hear people talk of the noble race who once roamed through Canadian woods and so forth; I've heard the most poetical words on the subject. If some of the authors of said poetry could see the poor, shivering, cowed-down specimens of the 'noble race' who inhabit these desolate wilds, their flights of imagination would have a downfall. Don't you think so?" and Allen suddenly unclasped his hands from behind his head, and brought his tilted chair and feet to *terra-firma*.

Allen received no answer, and to his surprise he saw a passionate gleam in the dark eyes, and a gathering storm on the stern brow of his friend.

"Hallo, what's up?" said Allen, feeling utterly bewildered at the appearance of affairs.

"Excuse me a moment," and Ralph abruptly left the room.

"What on earth is the row I wonder?" growled Allen. "I said nothing—only gave my candid opinion of those grim, dirty wretches on whom Dennison looks as if they were so many precious jewels." Allen strode up and down the room at a lively pace, and growing tired waiting for Ralph,

he threw himself on the sofa and fell asleep. Two hours afterwards Mr. Dennison came back. The angry gleam was gone from the splendid eyes, and a penitent look rested where the proud spirit had curved the firm mouth. He walked lightly to a huge old case which had been given to him by his people, and unfastening a drawer he drew out two portraits and held them long before him, while a look of almost adoration rested on his face.

Allen, whose slumbers were easily disturbed, heard the click of the keys and opening his sleepy eyes saw Ralph. For a time he watched him, then rising on his elbow he said

"Look here, Dennison, what's up? If I have annoyed you, why, speak out and tell me. Was it those poor, pitiful—"

"Stop! stop! Allen, it is all my fault. It is I who should apologize to you. Here is the reason why a disparaging mention of my people vexes me."

He handed the portraits to Allen, who drew a lamp closer, and saw that they were both pictures of a dark, handsome girl taken in different costumes—a proud girl, with dauntless brow and midnight eyes. In a glance at the dress Allen saw his error. The mystery was solved. Ralph Dennison's mother was a squaw. There was no mistaking the resemblance, and it was from the mother that the son inherited his fine figure, noble air and fiery spirit.

Allen was at a loss what to say or do, and he stood quietly looking at the picture of the Indian maiden in the dress of an English lady,—one seemingly taken later in life, for a gentler look rested in the beautiful eyes, and the whole face was replete with goodness and winning grace.

"Dennison, with all my heart I'm sorry," said Allen gravely. "I had not the least idea why you loved these people as you do. But let bygones be bygones."

"Yes, Allen, I regret that I should be so easily disturbed. It is I that should be sorry, not you."

So the little storm blew over, but Allen Grantly learned a lesson about his friend. He was no common man, this Ralph Dennison. There was a fierce smouldering fire hidden in his heart. He inherited all his

mother's dark beauty, and all the passionate haughty spirit which, subdued, had made her a noble woman. This whirlwind temper had been almost a curse to Ralph in his boyish days, but as he grew older and learned the lesson of humility from his mother's teachings, gradually he obtained the victory which is greater than the taking of a city.

Later in the evening he gave Allen a sketch of his parents' history.

Harold Dennison, a wild young man of noble birth and good fortune, left England in anger at a lady who had refused his hand. Crossing to Canada, he joined a company of hunters bound for the wildest of the wild woods. During his wanderings after the wolf and deer, he met the beautiful daughter of an old Indian Chief, and fascinated with her glowing beauty and artless manners, he forgot the lady of high degree across the dark waters. He persuaded the Chief to take a long journey to a distant city where the graceful Indian maiden might honorably become the wife of the reckless English gentleman. Soon after this strange marriage Harold Dennison senior died, and Harold junior, nothing daunted by what the world might say, carried his wife away to England where

"She grew a noble lady
And the people loved her much."

But no trouble weighed upon the high-spirited wife of Harold Dennison, for she felt not

"The burden of an honor
Unto which she was not born."

It was perfectly natural for her to move with queenly grace, and do the honors of her home with all the ease of a lady born.

Owing to the many Christian influences of her adopted home, she became a thoroughly devoted earnest woman, and was the joy and pride of her lordly husband. His strange hasty marriage was a great blessing, and as the years went by he became a man amongst men, noted for Christian courtesy and true nobility of soul. His children were wisely trained and grew up to be honored members of society. Ere the frosts of old age had touched her dark banded hair, Mrs. Dennison was called home, and on her death bed her last re-

quest to Ralph, her favorite son, who had just completed a theological course, was that he would devote his life as a missionary to her own people, in whose spiritual and temporal welfare she took the keenest interest.

So, in order to fulfil his promise, Ralph had sought and found his present post in an Indian village miles and miles away from Cleaton, in the depths of the primeval forest.

CHAPTER IX.

March winds and April showers ushered in the glorious spring time. The great forests around the Indian village bloomed forth into luxuriant beauty; the lakes, free from their icy fetters, gleamed like sparkling gems among the emerald clothed valleys and frowning hills of Dwahata, for this was the name of the village where once a mighty tribe held Indian sway, and called the country all around their camping-ground.

March and April gave place to May, and Canadian wild flowers of all kinds were kissed by sunbeam and dew-drop; still Allen Grantly lingered at Dwahata. Every week found him determining to leave on the next, but the days went by, while he lingered on, fishing and boating to his heart's content.

This out-door life, with sometimes his friend, sometimes a native youth for companion, suited him. Gradually, too, he became interested in the Indians, and was already helping Mr. Dennison in the school which had been instituted for Indian youths and maidens by day, and continued in the evening for the benefit of their parents. Between performing duty as assistant schoolmaster, and larder-provider for Mrs. Jackson, the worthy house-keeper, Allen's days fled by, and he was awakened one day to the fact that only two months intervened between his marriage day, and that he was, recreant lover, more devoted to a hunter's life than to his lady love, by a letter from his cousin Gipsey. It ran thus—

"MY DEAR DORMOUSE,

"Now, that the cold wintry blasts, to speak poetically, are over, wouldn't you like to

creep out of that hole where you and the Reverend Bruno take up your resort? I'm going to have a birthday, and as I am such a necessary personage to the dear *pater familias*, he has determined to celebrate the event by a pic-nic. If we could only have cannons and bonfires, or something lively, I'd be in the seventh heaven of delight. A pokey old pic-nic in a blazing sun, with any quantity of cotton-dressed females and linen got up males is not to my taste, as you very well know. I'd much rather have a week's camping out at the lakes. Miss McAlpine is trying to teach me contentment amongst the other accomplishments which it is my duty to imbibe; so with a sigh for what might be if Gipsey Dunsford could only have her own sweet will, I submit. Any way Allen, you bring your gun along. I am longing to shoot, and Peter's old pistols are so rusty. If I manage to knock over a squirrel I think myself fortunate. There's a whole host coming to this remarkable affair of mine, so Papa wants you and the reverend gentleman along. Of course, it will be a kind of a nuisance to have the latter here; he will be so long-faced. Give him Papa's compliments any way, and ask him for me—no, that wouldn't be honest, for I don't want him. You fix it up and bring him along. Miss McAlpine will talk logic to him.

"Allen, do you know that you are not just what you ought to be. I'm your cousin, so I can scold you. Belle is in a rage, I know. Just fancy, you are to take on you the irrevocable vows in August, and here you only write short letters (I watch Belle when the message boy comes); and you never come to see us. I think it a good joke down in the bottom of my little black heart, for when the cat's away the kittens will play. May Mrs. Dunsford's love for Bro't'er Jonathan never grow less. Do you know that Mrs. Goodwin cannot spare mamma yet? We fully expected her home before the pic-nic, but she wrote that she would not be here until the tenth, and my birthday is on the sixth. I'm just as glad, but papa would prefer mamma being here. Kiss all the Indian babies for me, and don't forget to come to Farnell woods on the sixth of June, and be sure you invite the Reverend Bruno. Papa is very busy, or I should never have bothered myself to write at all.

"As ever,

"Your sweet cousin,

"GIPSEY."

"An invitation to a pic-nic," said Allen to Mr. Dennison, as he tore the letter into shreds, and pitched the fragments from the window. "Are you in a humor for a trip to Cleaton?"

"I was just thinking over going to Cleaton this morning," answered Mr. Denni

son, as he sorted the great pile of books which had arrived with the letters by a messenger. "Where is the pic-nic? And whose is it?"

"Oh, that little witch, Gipsey Dunsford, is sixteen, I think it is, on the sixth of June, and we are both wanted to make ourselves useful. Pic-nics are a humbug, and so are women." For the first time Mr. Dennison saw his friend out of humor. Allen tore down his gun, whistled for his dogs, and started to the woods in no enviable state of mind. All day long, as he plunged deeper into the woods, traversed desolate tracks, and strode over morass and through thicket, he fought an inward battle. In the evening he returned home weary and worn, to find Mr. Dennison busily writing letters, which were to be sent by a messenger to Cleaton, and thence despatched to foreign lands.

"Just in time, Allen," said his friend. "Don't you think on the whole we had better go to Miss Gipsey's pic-nic? A little pic-nicking will be rather wholesome lancy. Besides I have to go any way."

"Very well," said Allen wearily, laying his gun down, and throwing himself on the lounge. "When is Francis going?"

"Early in the morning"

Allen closed his eyes, and Mr. Dennison went rapidly on with his writing. Allen was half inclined to make Ralph his confidant, but the confession of one trouble involved more; for Allen half guessed that the hope of seeing Amy McAlpine, of whom Ralph always spoke in most admiring terms, was the principal reason of his friend's willingness to attend Gipsey's pic-nic. Lying on the sofa, and thinking many bitter thoughts, Allen came to a conclusion. Honor forbade his breaking his engagement. He had never professed to love Belle; still he had asked her to marry him of his own free will, and now he must suffer the consequences.

That night Allen wrote accepting Gipsey's invitation, and a few days afterwards saw them paddling down to Farnell woods. A chain of small lakes connected Dwhata with Cleaton; so that their journey, in a bark canoe, was a very pleasant one. On the whole, their long sail would have been as charming as possible, if the mosquitoes had not lent their subtle

singing and stinging bite to the various other attractions of the scene. Grand woods that have never felt the keen edge of the white man's axe; clear waters touched with sunlight, or "silver white" by moonlight; sighing winds and maple-crowned hills, intertwined with woodland valleys, are beautiful beyond description; but those buzzing, blood-thirsty wretches which haunt our forest shades in the early summer-time, quite destroy the romance woven around the charming woods and lakes of Canada.

On reaching Farnell woods, after a day and night spent in camping and paddling, the young men found the pic-nic party assembled, and Gipsey and her father waiting on the shore to meet them. Gipsey was in mad spirits, and her violet eyes fairly danced with fun. The young hostess was a veritable favorite with young and old of both sexes. In spite of her disdain for young gentlemen who carried dainty canes and twirled their moustaches as if their life depended on such exertions, Gipsey made herself so agreeable to all the masculine members of her party, that she was voted, "quite a charming girl," who took all attention without any idea of intention—still never forgot for a moment what was due to herself as Miss Dunsford.

Being a little in awe of Ralph Dennison, though she would scarce confess it to herself, Gipsey managed artfully to bring Amy forward to entertain the new comers. Belle Gilmour was so much engaged in a positive flirtation that she never noticed the little bark coming up the lake, nor the landing of Allen Grantly and his friend. Her new admirer was a gentleman from Boston,—quite a lion in Cleaton, as he had wealth in abundance; so Belle made her prettiest speeches, and looked her brightest—all for the edification of the young Cræsus, and the mortification of the demoiselles who were inclined to be jealous of Miss Gilmour's fascinating loveliness. Belle and Allen did not meet until the entire party gathered around the lunch, spread out in true pic-nic style on the green sward. Then there were so many people about them that their greeting was of necessity restrained.

(To be continued.)

VOICES FROM RAMAH; OR, RACHEL'S LAMENTATION.

BY E. H. NASH.

CHAPTER XV.

For many days the party sailed along near the coast, meeting with nought to molest them, and seeing no vessel which they could hail to take them on board. One night when all were asleep in Dorso's boat except Jesse and himself, he proposed to tell his fellow-watcher something of his life among the pirates. His companion was all attention, and he thus commenced his narrative:—

"It is now nearly eleven years since I embarked from Italy on a vessel bound to the southwest. I was the owner of the ship and her lading. Boisterous gales arose which took us far out of our course. Violent storms succeeded, and the sun was for many days obscured, so that the master of my vessel quite lost her reckoning. We only knew she was very far out of the track we had designed her to pursue. Thus we drifted rather than steered for some days. The craft became leaky, and when we were attacked by the sea-robbers shortly after, she fell into their hands an easy prey. The master was killed and the men dropped around me, till at length I battled alone with the fierce monsters. I was made a prisoner, and my brain reels while I think of the years I must now speak of. I had been desperately wounded in the struggle, and for many weeks I lay almost insensible. At last I was restored, and all the horrors of my situation burst upon me at once, when Giedro, that fiend in human form, told me that he admired the courage and bravery with which I had defended myself in his engagement with my ship, and that he had spared my life with no other view than to offer me a place in the band, if I would swear fealty to him."

"I swore; I took the solemn oath; for the love of life was strong within me. I thought of my young and beautiful wife, and in the

faint hope of again beholding her love-lighted eyes, I cast in my lot among the robbers. For a long time Giedro watched me narrowly, and in order to avoid his suspicious glances, I schooled myself to assume a cruelty of bearing towards our miserable captives, even when my heart ached for their woes. It was months before I attained the post I aspired to, ere I became the trusted counsellor and confident of Giedro. I thought, weak-judging being that I was, that the way to escape would be open and the path easy, when once I had secured the good-will of this man. My vows, so fearfully solemn, I never designed to regard in the hour when liberty should be within my grasp. They were forced upon me; for even as I swore, the captain spoke to me of tortures, aye, tortures almost beyond human conception, assuring me that the only way to avoid them was to become one of their number. He gave me not the choice of bondage, else I had surely preferred it. Years passed away, and I was still a prisoner as it were, though the most honored and trusted of all the horde.

"And has no way of escape offered until now?" said Jesse. "Could you never before, when left in command, have secured your fellows and regained your liberty?"

"Ah," returned Dorso, "the only chance was to coast along the shore, and how think you, could my single arm, though nerved with strong hopes, manage a boat the size of ours? It would have been madness to attempt it! I should have become exhausted, and then—oh! my tongue refuses to dwell upon the horrors of the death which would have awaited me. But to resume my sad story. Giedro has ever been wont to return from his plundering voyages when least expected by his comrades. If he gave us reason to believe he was going on a long cruise, perchance in three days the sails of the robber craft

would again flutter in the breezes of our own bay. So uncertain have ever been his movements that never, until now, have I dared to seek my liberty, or indulge the hope that in a few months I should again walk the shores of my native land. Dear Italy! sweet Italy," continued the speaker, musingly. "Oh! does my wife yet live, and have my babes been taught to mourn their father as dead?" Dorso became deeply agitated, and in vain Jesse sought to calm his spirit. It might not be. He was sailing along the stream of hope, but the turbid waves of fear mingled with its bright waters, and his soul was troubled. After a time he returned to his tale. "Once," he said, "I thought I had laid a plan by which I might escape and be the means also of liberating fifteen forlorn creatures about to be sold for bondmen. I was appointed to command the men who were to drive the miserable captives; and knowing something of the nature of drugs, I doubted not but I could administer a potion to the robbers by which they would be stupefied, when I might easily finish them with my knife. Then I thought to free the prisoners, and be far on my homeward way before Giedro should send in search of us. But some foul fiend put it into the heart of my tormenter to order another to fill the post of command which had been promised me. He told me he had just received intelligence of a rich prize sailing within a short distance off the coast—that he must hasten to secure it, and in his absence I could not be spared from the stronghold."

"Ah!" said Jesse, "*you* say some foul fiend. I believe it was the God of my fathers in His mysterious providence, that a way of escape might be opened for His praying people now. For months have our united prayers ascended upward for deliverance; and He who cannot lie hath promised to hear the cries of the sorrowing captive. Lo! do you not see yourself this day the instrument in the hand of Almighty Power, to work out His eternal purposes?"

"I see it not," answered Dorso; "I have heard of the God of the Hebrews, but my worship is given to the gods of my own country. Giedro willed it, and the deities prevented it not."

Jesse sighed over the darkened soul beside him, and took up the conversation in another strain. "What vessel, think you," said he "was that with which the robbers battled of late?" He could mark the glow which overspread the features of his companion, though the moon shone but dimly, as he spoke of that engagement.

"It was a Roman ship," answered Dorso, excitedly. "A ship from home, evidently looking for sea plunderers; yet how she came in those waters I cannot tell. I know," he continued, "for Giedro described her sails and rigging; and more, the bird embroidered on the streamer which floated from the mast was the Roman eagle! How, think you, comrade, was the news carried to my native land?"

"That mystery," said Jesse, "is easily explained. My dove, which you may remember the captain permitted me to keep to cheer the dullness of my young cousin, bore a scrap of parchment beneath his wing, when at length I loosed him. I doubt not the little creature made the journey in safety, and bore the news of our capture to my uncle. Boundless wealth is his, and I am assured he would not rest till measures were taken to exterminate these remorseless sea-robbers."

"Ha!" exclaimed Dorso, "say you this? I missed the dove from the cavern, and one told me it was dead. If I but dared to sail further off the coast it might be our good fortune to fall in with the vessel; but though that may not be, yet I trust we shall soon reach a place of safety. I fear not the quick return of Giedro now; for in his rage he swore to sail on the vast deep till he conquered the stranger craft of which he has gone in search."

We need not follow them further. Their journey was prosperous, and in due time the purple skies of Italy smiled down upon them, and their weary feet once more pressed the sod of that beautiful land.

CHAPTER XVI.

We will now bid farewell to "Dorso, the fearless," as our simple story has nought to do with him except while he was exerting an influence over the destiny of one of

the "chosen few;" one whose life-thread is closely interwoven with that of her whom we reluctantly left weeping in the land of Judea.

It is nought to us that he afterwards returned to the "stronghold" of the sea-robbers with an overwhelming force, and succeeded in destroying the whole band; neither care we that his darkened spirit gloried in torturing Giedro; that in very truth, the death-howls of his former master were sweeter in his ears than soft strains of music. No. These things charm us not; and we turn again with interest to our aged friend, Susanna; now ready, as a shock of corn fully ripe, for the harvest. Let us look upon her as the sickle of the great reaper of the world was about to be stretched forth against her. Pale and emaciated, she reclined upon her couch. Her countenance told of pain and suffering; but a look of calm resignation overspread her features, and the light of hope shone in her sunken eye; even that hope which reaches beyond the shores of time. By her bedside stood her son James, his wife and their children. All were weeping for her who would soon be no more seen among them. A little in the background were the daughters of Thara Elimalis; they, too, wept for the near kinswoman of their father, their own most valued friend. The feeble voice of the dying woman broke the solemn silence of the hour.

"My children," she said, "the time draws nigh when I shall be gathered to my people. I had hoped I might live to see the deliverer of Israel, but the Almighty wills it not so."

She paused for breath one moment, and then resumed, a new light firing her glazing eye,

"I shall see Him, though not now; for I know that my Redeemer liveth, and in my flesh I shall yet see God. My dead body shall arise and I shall behold Him in his glory, for whose coming I have looked."

The last words of the pious woman were, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."

The burial was over, the days of mourning past; and yet the daughters of Thara tarried in the house of their cousin. Ada evinced a desire to remain in Jerusalem for a time, and poor Ruth felt her loneliness less than in their own dwelling. The "Avenger of Blood" had waited patiently for the time to come when she could strike a withering blow upon the house of Herod. It had arrived; and knowing the family of Archelaus to be in Jerusalem, though the King himself was absent, Ada determined to accept the invitation of James and his wife; and while there, seek opportunity to effect her purpose.

The best beloved wife of Archelaus, the beautiful Glaphyra, had, a few months prior to the time of which we are now writing, become the mother of a lovely infant—a fair-haired, bright-eyed little son. The affections of the King were poured out upon this child lavishly, and his heart rejoiced over the sweet babe. Against this innocent, the arm of vengeance was upraised, and how to compass his death was the great question which Ada had pondered long upon. She had appeared more than usually calm for some time; and Ruth no longer watched her closely, as she had done in the first months of her partial insanity; consequently, she hoped the more readily to accomplish her dark design.

While the sisters were in Jerusalem, it was proposed to Ruth to visit the widowed mother of her betrothed husband. She did so; and it was during her brief stay of a few days that Ada determined to undertake her fearful work of revenge. She had long before taught her attendant, Judith, never to watch or follow her unless she wished to incur the lasting displeasure of her mistress; and in consequence of having been harshly reprov'd, from time to time, the girl had become almost negligent. This was what Ada wished; but as she was careful never to complain of her servant, Ruth had no knowledge of the fact.

One evening while her sister was absent, Ada feigned a severe headache, and retired to her own apartment before the twilight drew on. She especially requested that she might not be disturbed; and no person was allowed to enter her chamber until the fol-

lowing morning. When there, secure from all intrusion, she dressed herself, as nearly as she was able, like the fortune-tellers of the day, taking great care to cover entirely her snowy curls by a turban. A dark, heavy vail almost enveloped her person and partially concealed her features.

Let us now change the scene. We will look into the servants' apartment, in the royal dwelling. Several very pretty young women were busily engaged in feminine occupations, while Pelorin, one of the gardeners, passed in and out through the apartment, carrying choice bouquets of flowers towards that part of the residence particularly appropriated to Glaphyra. A slight tapping had been heard at the outer gate, which opened on the grounds lying next to this part of the palace. Presently the porter appeared at the door of the hall and questioned in a low voice—"What fair damsel or dark-eyed beauty would look upon her future life? There stands one by the outer gate who pretends to be able to unfold the hidden mysteries of time, to lift the vail which hides futurity and read the pages of destiny which other eyes can never look upon." The speaker was but a youth, and his eye brightened as he spoke. The maidens gave earnest heed to his words, and even Pelorin seemed interested.

"The witch bade me haste," said the porter. "Where shall I bring her while we listen to her prophecies?"

"Into the little room at the end of this hall," returned Agna, the prettiest of the girls.

By the time the sorceress was seated in the little apartment mentioned, the twilight had deepened almost into night, and her best friends, in the imperfect light, would scarcely have recognized in her the mistress of the hillside mansion, the youthful widow of Joseph Bar-Heber. Since the Herodian family had ruled over Israel, fortune-tellers had been tolerated in the land as never before. Ada had rightly judged that she would find easy access in this character to the royal residence. It was not likely, she thought, that the foreign servants of the household of Archelaus, himself descended from an Idumean, would

regard, in the least, what was usually termed a "Hebrew superstition." The girls were very eager, and Ada found no difficulty in interesting them in her marvellous prophecies.

Pelorin whispered in the ears of one of the queen's waiting-women, who took the flowers from his hand at the entrance to Glaphyra's suite of apartments, that one who could look into the future and read destinies, was with the servants. In an instant she was devising a plan by which she could join those below; but as she feared to leave her post without especial liberty, she was obliged to ask permission of her royal mistress. The queen granted it readily.

After her servant left her, Glaphyra's thoughts wandered back to that "strange apparition," that "avenging spirit," and a melancholy stole over her. Those who knew her best said she had never fully recovered from the mental horror which took possession of her on that occasion. Archelaus was absent with many of his nobles in a remote part of his dominions, and a desire to know of his welfare came strongly into the mind of his wife. As she sat musing, something seemed to whisper to her heart, "Why not consult the witch below?" Again she thought of the scene at the crags; and she longed to know the true character of the being whose sudden appearance and words of cursing had so chilled and terrified her. The lights in her apartment she imagined burned unusually dim. She looked out into the night; the darkness was thickening fast. A strange uneasiness crept over her spirit, and in the excitement of the moment the queen gave orders to have the sorceress conducted to her presence. Language cannot describe the wild joy, the triumphant exultation, which swelled in the breast of Ada as she followed her guide along the ample halls, and up the broad staircase which led to that part of the royal dwelling that she most wished to enter. Glaphyra enquired of the welfare of her absent husband. When Ada had assured her of his health, she further asked in a tone of anxiety, and in a low voice:

"Does he love *me*, and *me only*? Are his affections undivided?"

Ada hesitated an instant, and then replied,

"My royal mistress must not be angry that her servant tells her the truth."

"No, no," returned the queen, making a sign to the only attendant who had remained in her presence.

The woman instantly withdrew, and Glaphyra continued.

"Tell me, tell me, have I a rival in my husband's affections?"

"A dark-eyed maiden, a beautiful damsel, would fain cast her spells around the heart of King Archelaus; and though his thoughts may sometimes stray to her, yet he loves his beautiful wife still—the mother of his idolized child."

"Ah," said Glaphyra, sadly, "Youthful and lovely, the designing Zabina may—but, woman," she added, hastily, as fearing she had been too communicative, "tell me more. How does she endeavor to supplant me in the heart of my husband?"

Ada saw her advantage, and was not slow to improve it. In her excitement, the queen had dropped a name, the name of one too often coupled with that of the King, by the tongues of the busy.

"How! my royal mistress?" returned to fortune-teller. "Do you ask of me how? Surely you are not wont to be blinded; and what mean rare bouquets of flowers, tastefully arranged, which so often find their way to the apartments of Archelaus? Their language is love; they speak of the deepest devotion, the most intense fondness. But, as yet, the heart of the King has not yielded to her fascinations, or responded to the love-tokens of the witching maiden of the West."

"Large money shall reward you," said Glaphyra, after a pause, "but tell to none that the favored wife of the King of Judea fears lest she lose the affection of her husband."

"My lips shall be silent forever," answered Ada, bowing her head solemnly.

"One question more," added the queen, changing color. "What mean strange

words once uttered by an unearthly visitor to my royal husband and myself? I shall not repeat them. Your knowledge of those words, spoken long months ago, forgotten by all but me, will convince me that you can indeed look upon the scenes which others may not see."

"I know," replied Ada, "those of my craft are often doubted. But, most beautiful and noble queen, listen. I look now into the past. It is dim, very dim. Now it brightens. I see a royal carriage, a gay, laughing party. Oh! horror. What next? What a vision blasts my sight!" and the cunning Hebrew woman covered her face and shuddered.

"Speak on! Speak on!" cried Glaphyra, in an excited tone. "Wise one, tell me what the vision is?"

"I may not speak it now;" returned Ada looking grave; "the hour of my power is over. Till another twilight spreads its pall over hill and vale, over palace and hut, I see even as others; the deep things of the past and future are hidden from my view."

"Say you this?" exclaimed the queen, earnestly. "Must another circle of the sun be performed ere I can know more of that great mystery? But fail me not, sybil. Be here when next the spell is upon you."

Ada passed hastily from the apartment, and Glaphyra paced her chamber with uneven steps. The cradle of her fair child stood in a little recess within the room, and she occasionally stopped before its parted curtains to gaze upon the sweet face of the sleeping infant. And the bereaved Hebrew mother, what of her? A servant conducted her to the outer gate of the palace. We need not say how keenly she noted each turning and winding as she passed along, for her thoughts were busy, planning for her flight on the coming evening. She stole softly into the house of her cousin, gained her own room, and closed the door, then fell exhausted upon her couch.

Young Folks.

LITTLE MATTHIAS.

FROM THE FRENCH.

(Concluded.)

Thus the conversation proceeded among the three men, and the women listened, applauding by looks and gestures. It was getting late, and as the Doctor had still his sermon to prepare for the morrow the party broke up, to the great grief of the two ladies, who would willingly have listened longer. Brandt escorted his hostess to her abode, and on the way so charmed her by his winning manners, that she even forgot the blind beggar, and also the dismay she had felt at the announcement that Brandt was to be her guest, for she now liked him as much as she had *then* feared him.

Little Matthew, after a night's unbroken sleep, opened his happy eyes as if the angels had kept watch by his pillow.

Master Anselm, to do honor to his cousin, the Doctor, had invited to dinner some of the chief worthies of Kaisersberg. The child was to spend the whole day at his godmother's, whereat he rejoiced greatly: for nowhere, not even under his mother's wing, was he made so much of as at his aunt Ursula's—and, besides, the evening before, he had promised poor Fridli to go and see him the next day, and take him the little buttered roll which Matthew got for his breakfast every Sunday morning. So, when our little friend walked along, in his Sunday clothes, and the cake in his pocket, his velvet cap on his beautiful chestnut locks, his fresh young cheeks reddened by the morning air, every one whispered as he passed, "That little Matthew is certainly a darling child!"

But alas! all this time, poor Fridli, stretched on his bed of straw, was at war with God, and the mental darkness became only more dense. He knew not, because

no one had troubled themselves to teach him, that the Lord does not willingly afflict the children of men, but that, like a wise father, He chastises because He loves them.

Fridli had formerly understood better than those around him, the management of cattle. Intelligent and industrious, he easily earned his livelihood, and in consequence fumes of pride mounted to his brain.

"What," some one will say, "pride in a cow herd?" And why not? A cow herd has it, as well as a king! Therefore, when the friar who had taken care of him during his illness told him he would be blind the rest of his life, Fridli rebelled against this dispensation of God, which appeared so hard and unmerited. And when later on, he went over a bridge and heard the water rushing beneath, he would willingly have thrown himself in and put an end to his wretched life, if the image of his good mother had not risen before him, and her last words echoed in his ears, "Fridli, be always honest and pious; forget not to beseech God to be ever near thee."

Now, the poor invalid felt drawn by an irresistible influence towards this faithful mother's heart which was beating for him in a hut in the Black Forest; but he would not return there empty-handed! His father was dead, he himself was the eldest of six children, and the mother had not always bread to give them; so the poor beggar saved penny upon penny, contenting himself with black bread and garlic, so that he might the sooner take his little hoard to his mother. It was not so much the getting a good sum of money that had brought him to Kaisersberg, but he wished to relate his sad story to Doctor Geiler, and ask for help to return home; for it was a common say-

ing that "no one helped the poor and the unfortunates so lovingly as the good doctor."

And now Fridli was lying on a sick bed, blind and lame besides—no more alms for him at the Church door, no visit to the kind doctor—above all, no more hope of returning to his good mother!

"Oh! if I could only die now," was his constant cry during that long, sad night. And when morning broke at last, and the first rays of the sun shone into the dark little yard, the poor blind boy, despairing of God and cursing his father, remained a prey to gloomy thoughts. In vain his faithful dog licked his face and hand; his master repulsed him harshly, and when the worthy Conrad brought for his breakfast a cup of foaming milk, Fridli said, in a peevish voice, "That he neither wanted to eat nor drink, and that he wished he was at the bottom of the river, where it was deepest." "No, no, Fridli, thou must not speak so, for it is sinful," said little Matthew, who entered the barn just in time to hear all that had been said.

"We had much better," grumbled Conrad, "have let him lie all night in the ditch, if he is so ungrateful for all the trouble that has been taken!" And he was walking off with his cup of milk, but the good little Matthew took it from him and carried it to the sufferer with the bun; then he so lovingly begged Fridli to accept them; he gave the faithful dog such a hearty greeting, that the invalid, won, in spite of himself, by the dear child's caressing ways, revived by his sympathy as by a sunbeam, accepted everything from his hand, found everything delicious, and remembered the cup of hot milk which his mother used to give him in bed when he was young. With this sweet remembrance, better feelings entered the heart of the poor blind boy, and the evil spirit hastened to depart. Fridli made eager response to the sympathizing questions of his little friend, and ended by opening his whole heart to him. He spoke of his tender mother, of the beautiful cows which were under his care when he had his sight, of the dreadful small-pox which rendered him blind, of the fearful darkness which gathered round him, and of his despair when he found he could no longer see. Then he told of his passionate

wish to return to his country and to his dear mother, and expressed his sorrow at having come on so fruitless an errand to Kaisersberg where he could neither beg at the church door nor speak to the good Doctor. After this long story, only interrupted by artless questions from the child, Fridli felt as if a weight of stone had been lifted from his breast. Without knowing how or why, he no longer felt so unhappy since he had found an ear to listen to him and a heart to pity him.

Conrad, who went and came during this conversation, was so touched by the sad fate of the poor blind man, that, without saying a word, he brought his own pillow to put under the sufferer's head, and notwithstanding the solemnity of the day, he himself forgot to get ready for church. Little Matthew's eyes, by dint of listening, shone like two carbuncles. "Remain quiet, Fridli," at last he said, to the sick man; "I shall go this afternoon and beg my good cousin, the Doctor, to come and see thee here in this barn, and send thee back to thy mother." And thereupon, calling to the dog to follow him, he rushed towards the house where the godmother was at breakfast with her guest. Generally speaking, the dog could not bear children, and was used to growl and bark if one came too near; but at Matthew's call, as if he had scented out a friend, he did not hesitate to follow on the child's heels, and they both ran together into the godmothers' room.

"Down, down," cried the godmother, frightened; and then, "Matthew, put this horrid dog out instantly; I pray you, sir magistrate, to excuse this spoilt child!" And so saying she rose quickly, opened wide the door, and endeavored to turn out the dog, who had hidden himself behind the child as his protector.

"Godmother, godmother, please do not turn him out," said the child in his most winning tones; "I want him badly, because I must beg to-day instead of the blind man, at the church door. Thou wilt let me do so, wilt thou not, dear godmother?" said he, patting with his little hand the head of the frightened dog. The worthy Ursula, already unhinged by the impertinent intrusion of the dog, covered with mud, into her spotlessly clean room, al-

most lost her senses on hearing her godson's extraordinary request. She looked at him with eyes staring wildly, not quite certain if she heard aright, if she was waking or sleeping. The scene was comic to a degree, and Brandt, who was the silent spectator of it, could not restrain a joyous burst of laughter. This was enough to give Matthew new courage; he took his godmother's hand, conducted her back to her seat, and renewed his petition with gentler persistence.

"Thou wilt let me go, wilt thou not? Thou givest me permission, good godmother? See how well the blind man's dog knows his trade." Thereupon, making the dog sit on his hind legs, he put his cap between his teeth, and made him give Ursula a sample of his talents in the begging line; then Matthew told her with all the artless eloquence of a tender heart, about the despair of Fridli, his ardent desire to return to his mother, and how the idea had come into his (Matthew's) mind, to beg at the door of the church, so that the poor blind man might not be disappointed of the alms which he had relied on getting. All this was said with so much grace and emotion that more than once, while listening to the recital, Brandt and Ursula felt their eyes moisten.

"Yes," said the godmother to Brandt, after a moment's pause, "that is just like the child. He cannot see any one in trouble without feeling his heart bursting, and he would give his life's blood to help the unfortunate."

"Oh, seek jealously to watch over such a treasure," replied Brandt; "a tender heart is of more value than any earthly good, and it will become one day in heaven 'a crown of glory that fadeth not away.' As for thee, my little man, to beg at the church door is not thy vocation, if it is the dog's, and you would both disturb divine service. But I promise thee I will tell the Doctor all about it to-day, and he will, I know, help poor Fridli."

Little Matthew secretly regretted the failure of his begging scheme, for, backed by the dog's eloquent pantomime, he thought the hardest heart must be touched by such a demonstration; but he was ac-

customed to obey without questioning; he finally took the dog back to his master, and poured healing balm into Fridli's wounded heart, by relating what the magistrate had promised. At this moment, all the bells in the town sounded to call the faithful to divine service. Ursula took the hand of her little favorite, and they both, in company with Sebastian Brandt, bent their steps towards the Cathedral. In Geiler's time, as we have said, Christian faith and life were nearly extinguished in the Church, and the services were often desecrated by the most indecent burlesques. And yet, such is the power of a soul truly imbued with the mind of Christ, that on that Sunday, at least, divine service was conducted in the church at Kaisersberg in the most decorous manner. To the Doctor's great joy, no masks or buffoons were to be seen; every one was dressed decently, and their behavior corresponded to their costume. The monks and nuns attended from their cloisters, and the nobles from the neighboring castles. The toilets of the noble ladies were less gaudy than usual; because, doubtless, it had been whispered among them that the bold preacher might, perhaps, take them publicly to task from the pulpit, as he had done more than once at Strasbourg.

On this occasion Geiler took for his text that verse from St. Matthew—"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." (xxv., 40) He first said how originally the season of Lent had been instituted in remembrance of our Saviour's fasting forty days in the wilderness before He began His work of salvation upon earth. He then reminded his hearers of the manner in which the early Christians fasted, by giving two-thirds or one-half the sum usually devoted to buying food for their family, and contenting themselves with the most ordinary fare. He entreated his audience to fast thus, sanctifying all their deeds with charity, and he exhorted them in the most earnest manner, to love, to visit, to succor Jesus Christ, by helping the poor, remembering the Saviour's touching words: "Ye have done it unto me;" and "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy."

"The Lord," he continued, "does not command you to build cloisters and churches, and neglect the poor whom He has deigned to call His brethren. Has He not told you in the Bible what He will repeat at the day of judgment, 'Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the beginning of the world.' He will not add: 'For you have founded churches and cloisters'—but, 'I was hungry, and ye gave me meat, I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink, I was naked, and ye clothed me, I was sick, and ye visited me. Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.' I, in nowise, wish to insinuate by this, my brethren, that it is wrong to build cloisters and churches. No; both of these acts are to be done if possible, but not the second to the neglect of the first, for the greatest of all is charity." The sermon ended, the good godmother, taking her godson's hand, returned home pensive and heartstricken, for it seemed as if the Doctor had preached for her alone. On reaching the house, her first visit was to poor Fridli. She dressed his foot tenderly, telling him not to worry himself about anything, that she would attend to him until he was able to walk. At mid-day she sent him his dinner from her own dish. Conrad, who at any other time would have been jealous of the sick man, took it quite naturally, for he too had taken Geiler's sermon well to heart. In Kaisersberg, besides, there was but one opinion. No one had ever preached like the Doctor! His earnest, inspired words had found their way to all hearts. Many good resolutions were made, and many of his auditors engaged from henceforth to divide not only their superfluity, but even their competency amongst the poor. In this mind, the guests assembled round Master Anselm's table found themselves, and all, before they left, promised the reverend Doctor, with a hearty shake of the hand, to do all in their power so that the poor in his native town, "the church's precious stones," should no longer be forgotten or neglected. That evening the good Doctor went to pay his cousin Ursula a visit. On the way, Brandt related to him Fridli's history, and how little Matthew had taken such a warm in-

terest in the blind man as to even wish to beg in his place at the church door. The good Doctor was charmed with this recital—a living illustration of his sermon. As soon, then, as he arrived at Ursula's house, his first question was:

"Where is the child?" and the second, "How is poor Fridli getting on?"

"Decidedly better," replied the godmother; "his foot is less painful, and, till it is quite cured, I shall keep him here and dress it myself. As for Matthew, he is out playing with his companions."

"What is this procession of children?" asked Brandt, who had placed himself at the window.

"Why, really, there is Matthew again!" cried the godmother, who recognized her godson in the middle of a crowd of boys, of whom he seemed the leader. And in truth, two and two, preserving most perfect order, came the children of their neighborhood, headed by Matthew, who, with a white shirt over his clothes, and a bell in his hand, led the way, with comical gravity, towards the barn where Fridli was lying.

"It will be a sight worth seeing!" cried simultaneously the Doctor to Brandt, and going down with Ursula, they placed themselves noiselessly behind the door, so that they might look on without being observed. Matthew had not renounced his plan of begging without regret, and this was the way in which he hoped to make up to the poor sufferer for the alms which were not forthcoming. He had gone from house to house to assemble his young companions, and ask them to accompany him to his godmother's and see poor Fridli. Now as the Doctor had publicly said in the pulpit, this blind man, lying in the barn, was no other than the Lord Jesus in person,—each boy must therefore present to him the luncheon and money which he had collected for a Shrove Tuesday feast; for to give them to Fridli, would be offering a gift to Jesus Himself. Attracted by the novelty of the adventure, all these giddy, noisy boys followed the little missionary with great good-will, each carrying his offering in his hand. It was really a pretty sight to see all these children, Matthew at their head, approaching, with solemn footsteps, the trucklebed on

which lay Fridli. At the foot of the bed, the dog, seated on his hind legs, and a cap between his teeth, rehearsed his begging gestures, while each boy deposited in silence his apple, nuts or slices of bread and butter, in Fridli's wallet, and threw into the dog's cap his half-penny, or perhaps his little silver coin; the good Conrad, quite touched, beholding the scene with pious joy. When the last child had presented his offering, they all formed a circle round little Matthew, and he, putting down his bell, and clasping his tiny hands, addressed to God, in tones full of faith and love, this artless prayer, "Dear Lord Jesus, restore the sight of this poor blind man; cure his foot, and take him back to his dear mother. And when we come to Thee in heaven, Thou wilt say to us, wilt thou not, as the good Doctor preached to day, 'All that you have given to poor Fridli, you have given to me,' Amen."

Then the Doctor, deeply touched, advanced into the circle of children, who were startled and surprised at his sudden apparition, and extending his hands over little Matthew's head, he said to him, as if seized with a prophetic inspiration, "Only believe, dear child, and thou too wilt be great one day."

"As tall as you are, sir Doctor?" asked our little friend, fixing his sparkling eyes on the Doctor's imposing figure. Ah! so much the better! I shall be no longer called the little one, then? "O, holy simplicity! Yes, truly the kingdom of heaven is for those who resemble them," said the Doctor, moved, pressing the child to his bosom. Then seeing all eyes fixed upon him, and all ears eager to listen, he told them how the Lord Jesus, when He was upon earth, had loved little children, and had called them to Him to bless them, and how children now, to reward His love, were but, in their turn, to love the poor and sick.

Herethe sermon was interrupted by little Samson Hiler, who was hiding, sobbing bitterly, behind the door of the barn.

"Why art thou crying so," my child! asked Brandt, going up to him.

"Oh," replied Samson, sobbing still more. "The Lord Jesus cannot love me

any more, for I am a very wicked boy and I shall certainly go to hell!"

"But what hast thou done, my child?"

Samson became as pale as death, then as red as fire, and trembling from head to foot, he at last stammered:

"Little Matthew will tell you."

Matthew refused to do so at first, but on being pressed by the Doctor, and even by Samson himself, who said, "Speak, speak, tell all that thou knowest; I shall be punished, but then I shall have peace!" little Matthew threw his arms round Geiler's neck, and whispered in his ear:

"It is he who yesterday cut poor Fridli's cord, and is the cause of his falling into the ditch."

"It was certainly a naughty trick; but I am sure, Samson, thou didst not think of the consequences which might result from thy folly. If thou hadst known what it would cost the poor blind man, thou wouldest not have cut the cord."

The child, however, shaking his head sadly, hid his face between his hands, and stammered in a voice choked by shame and sorrow:

"No, no! I did it wilfully, and I laughed with all my heart when I saw Fridli fall into the ditch. Oh, punish me well, for I richly deserve it."

"In truth," said the Doctor, deeply touched, to Brandt, "the children here are teaching us some lessons, for in all my life I never witnessed more sincere penitence. Then turning to the weeping child he said,

"Be comforted, my little friend. Thy fault is pardoned for the love of Jesus, who bore thy burden on the cross."

"Is that really true?" asked Samson, smiling through his tears.

"As true as that the angels in Heaven are at this moment rejoicing to see thee thus repenting and accusing thyself, my child! But there is yet something more for thee to do; come and ask poor Fridli's pardon. Happily, God, who can bring good out of evil, has made even this accident a source of happiness for him. What thinkest thou, my brave Fridli? I am sure that just now thou art not sorry at having fallen into the ditch."

Poor Fridli, quite bewildered at so much

love and kindness, could scarcely utter some broken words. But Samson, kneeling beside him, seized his hand and said, crying and in a beseeching tone:

"Oh! Fridli, only forgive me; I am so sorry for having hurt thee,—I am sure I shall remember this as long as I live!"

"Fridli," said the Doctor, "chant the canticle, 'We praise thee, O God!'" The blind man, delighted, intoned the chant in his deep voice, and Dame Ursula and the two friends uniting their voices to the children's choir, found their hearts relieved from the emotion which oppressed them.

During the chant, Matthew held the hand of his little comrade, and looked at him with sympathy beautiful to behold. Samson, on the contrary, fixed his weeping eyes steadfastly on the ground. Brandt gazed long with tender interest on the two children, and when the chant was ended, he asked the Doctor:

"What do you think will become of these two children in the future?"

"God knows," replied Geiler, "but at all events His hand is upon them."

The children went away, but the good Doctor remained some time with the poor blind man listening to his long history, and consoling and promising his help. Fridli's heart had been set right since the morning, and he felt deeply grateful for all the kindness shown him; but to be blind all his life, was a thing he could not reconcile himself to, and his last words after the Doctor's exhortations, were these:

"But, after all, why did I lose my sight?"

"Listen, Fridli," replied Geiler; "to thy *Why*—I can only answer by a *Because* God has so willed it. But out of love to Him, to be resigned to the misfortunes He sends us, is the secret of happiness here and in the world to come." Did the good Doctor succeed in shedding light from above into Fridli's darkened soul? We dare not say so much, but it is certain that the Doctor's visit left him calmer and more hopeful. The blind man remained with his kind hostess until Easter, and more than once his sick room was enlivened by the presence of little Matthew and his friend Hiller. Brandt, who came back to

Kaisersberg for the Easter holidays, took Fridli as far as Bâle and sent him to his mother in the Black Forest.

KATY.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

CHAPTER VIII.

TO-MORROW.

"To-morrow I will begin," thought Katy, as she dropped asleep that night. How often we all do so! And what a pity it is that when morning comes and to-morrow is to-day, we so frequently wake up feeling quite differently; careless or impatient, and not a bit inclined to do the fine things we planned over-night.

Sometimes it seems as if there must be wicked little imps in the world, who are kept tied up so long as the sun shines, but who creep into our bed rooms when we are asleep, to tease us and ruffle our tempers. Else, why, when we go to rest good-natured and pleasant, should we wake up so cross? Now there was Katy. Her last sleepy thought was an intention to be an angel from that time on, and as much like Cousin Helen as she could; and when she opened her eyes she was all out of sorts, and as fractious as a bear! Old Mary said that she got out of bed on the wrong side. I wonder, by the way, if anybody will ever be wise enough to tell us which side that is, so that we may always choose the other? How comfortable it would be if they could!

You know how, if we begin the day in a cross mood, all sorts of unfortunate accidents seem to occur to add to our vexations. The very first thing Katy did this morning was to break her precious vase—the one Cousin Helen had given her.

It was standing on the bureau with a little cluster of blush-roses in it. The bureau had a swing-glass. While Katy was brushing her hair, the glass tipped a little so that she could not see. At a good-humored moment, this accident wouldn't have troubled her much. But being out of temper to begin with, it made her angry. She gave the glass a violent push. The lower part swung forward, there was a smash, and the first thing Katy knew, the blush-roses lay scattered all over the floor and Cousin Helen's pretty present was ruined.

Katy just sat down on the carpet and cried as hard as if she had been Phil himself. Aunt Izzie heard her lamenting, and came in.

"I'm very sorry," she said, picking up the broken glass, "but it's no more than I expected, you're so careless, Katy. Now don't sit there in that foolish way! Get up

and dress yourself. You'll be late to breakfast."

"What's the matter?" asked Papa, noticing Katy's red eyes as she took her seat at the table.

"I've broken my vase," said Katy, dolefully.

"It was extremely careless of you to put it in such a dangerous place," said her aunt. "You might have known that the glass would swing and knock it off." Then, seeing a big tear fall in the middle of Katy's plate, she added: "Really, Katy, you're too big to behave like a baby. Why Dorry would be ashamed to do so. Pray control yourself!"

This snub did not improve Katy's temper. She went on with her breakfast in bulky silence.

"What are you all going to do to-day?" asked Dr. Carr, hoping to give things a more cheerful turn.

"Swing!" cried John and Dorry both together. "Alexander's put us up a splendid one in the wood-shed."

"No you're not," said Aunt Izzie, in a positive tone, "the swing is not to be used till to-morrow. Remember that, children. Not till to-morrow. And not then, unless I give you leave."

This was unwise of Aunt Izzie. She would better have explained farther. The truth was that Alexander, in putting up the swing, had cracked one of the staples which fastened it to the roof. He meant to get a new one in the course of the day, and, meantime, he had cautioned Miss Carr to let no one use the swing, because it really was not safe. If she had told this to the children, all would have been right; but Aunt Izzie's theory was, that young people must obey their elders without explanation.

John, and Elsie, and Dorry, all pouted when they heard this order. Elsie recovered her good-humor first.

"I don't care," she said, "'cause I'm going to be very busy; I've got to write a letter to Cousin Helen about somefing." (Elsie never could quite pronounce the *th*.)

"What?" asked Clover.

"Oh, somefing," answered Elsie, wagging her head mysteriously. "None of the rest of you must know, Cousin Helen said so, it's a secret she and me has got."

"I don't believe Cousin Helen said so at all," said Katy, crossly. "She wouldn't tell secrets to a silly little girl like you."

"Yes, she would, too," retorted Elsie, angrily. "She said I was just as good to trust as if I was ever so big. And she said I was her pet. So there! Katy Carr!"

"Stop disputing," said Aunt Izzie. "Katy, your top-drawer is all out of order. I never saw anything look so badly. Go up stairs at once and straighten it, before you do anything else. Children, you must

keep in the shade this morning. It's too hot for you to be running about in the sun. Elsie, go into the kitchen and tell Debby I want to speak to her."

"Yes," said Elsie, in an important tone. "And afterwards I'm coming back to write my letter to Cousin Helen."

Katy went slowly up-stairs, dragging one foot after the other. It was a warm, languid day. Her head ached a little, and her eyes smarted and felt heavy from crying so much. Everything seemed dull and hateful. She said to herself, that Aunt Izzie was very unkind to make her work in vacation, and she pulled the top-drawer open with a disgusted groan.

It must be confessed that Miss Izzie was right. A bureau-drawer could hardly look worse than this one did. It reminded one of the White Knight's recipe for a pudding, which began with blotting-paper, and ended with sealing-wax and gunpowder. All sorts of things were mixed together, as if somebody had put in a long stick, and stirred them well up. There were books and paint-boxes and bits of scribbled paper, and lead pencils and brushes. Stocking² legs had come unrolled, and twisted themselves about pocket-handkerchiefs, and ends of ribbon, and linen collars. Ruffles, all crushed out of shape, stuck up from under the heavier things, and sundry little paper boxes lay empty on top, the treasures they once held having sifted down to the bottom of the drawer, and disappeared beneath the general mass.

It took much time and patience to bring order out of this confusion. But Katy knew that Aunt Izzie would be up by and by, and she dare not stop till all was done. By the time it was finished, she was very tired. Going down stairs, she met Elsie coming up with a slate in her hand, which, as soon as she saw Katy, she put behind her.

"You mustn't look," she said, "it's my letter to Cousin Helen. Nobody but me knows the secret. It's all written, and I'm going to send it to the office. See—there's a stamp on it;" and she exhibited a corner of the slate. Sure enough, there was a stamp stuck on the frame.

"You little goose!" said Katy, impatiently, "you can't send *that* to the post-office. Here, give me the slate. I'll copy what you've written on paper, and Papa'll give you an envelope."

"No, no," cried Elsie, struggling, "you mustn't! You'll see what I've said, and Cousin Helen said I wasn't to tell. It's a secret. Let go of my slate, I say! I'll tell Cousin Helen what a mean girl you are, and then she won't love you a bit."

"There, then, take your old slate!" said Katy, giving her a vindictive push. Elsie slipped, screamed, caught at the banisters, missed them, and rolling over and over, fell with a thump on the hall floor.

It wasn't much of a fall, only half-a-dozen steps, but the bump was a hard one, and Elsie roared as if she had been half killed. Aunt Izzie and Mary came rushing to the spot.

"Katy—pushed—me," sobbed Elsie. "She wanted me to tell her my secret, and I wouldn't. She's a bad, naughty girl!"

"Well, Katy Carr, I *should* think you'd be ashamed of yourself," said Aunt Izzie, "wreaking your temper on your poor little sister! I think your Cousin Helen will be surprised when she hears this. There, there, Elsie! Don't cry any more, dear. Come up stairs with me. I'll put on some arnica, and Katy sha'n't hurt you again."

So they went up stairs. Katy, left below, felt very miserable: repentant, defiant, discontented, and sulky all at once. She knew in her heart that she had not meant to hurt Elsie, and was thoroughly ashamed of that push; but Aunt Izzie's hint about telling Cousin Helen, had made her too angry to allow of her confessing this to herself or anybody else.

"I don't care!" she murmured, choking back her tears. "Elsie is a real cry-baby, anyway. And Aunt Izzie always takes her part. Just because I told the little silly not to go and send a great heavy slate to the post-office!"

She went out by the side-door into the yard. As she passed the shed, the new swing caught her eye.

"How exactly like Aunt Izzie," she thought, "ordering the children not to swing till she gives them leave. I suppose she thinks it's too hot, or something. I sha'n't mind her, anyhow."

She seated herself in the swing. It was a first-rate one, with a broad comfortable seat, and thick new ropes. The seat hung just the right distance from the floor. Alexander was a capital hand at putting up swings, and the wood-shed the nicest possible spot in which to have one.

It was a big place, with very high roof. There was not much wood left in it just now, and the little there was, was piled neatly about the sides of the shed, so as to leave plenty of room. The place felt cool and dark, and the motion of the swing seemed to set the breeze blowing. It waved Katy's hair like a great fan, and made her dreamy and quiet. All sorts of sleepy ideas began to flit through her brain. Swinging to and fro like the pendulum of a great clock, she gradually rose higher and higher, driving herself along by the motion of her body, and striking the floor smartly with her foot, at every sweep. Now she was at the top of the high arched door. Then she could almost touch the cross-beam above it, and through the small square window could see pigeons sitting and pluming themselves on the eaves of the barn, and white clouds blowing over

the blue sky. She had never swung so high before. It was like flying, she thought, and she bent and curved more strongly in the seat, trying to send herself yet higher, and graze the roof with her toes.

Suddenly, at the very highest point of the sweep, there was a sharp noise of cracking. The swing gave a violent twist, spun half round, and tossed Katy into the air. She clutched the rope,—felt it dragged from her grasp,—then, down,—down,—down—she fell. All grew dark, and she knew no more.

When she opened her eyes she was lying on the sofa in the dining-room. Clover was kneeling beside her with a pale, scared face, and Aunt Izzie was dropping something cold and wet on her forehead.

"What's the matter?" said Katy, faintly. "Oh, she's alive—down,—she's alive!" and Clover put her arms round Katy's neck and sobbed.

"Hush, dear!" Aunt Izzie's voice sounded unusually gentle. "You've had a bad tumble, Katy. Don't you recollect?"

"A tumble? Oh, yes—out of the swing," said Katy, as it all came slowly back to her. "Did the rope break, Aunt Izzie? I can't remember about it."

"No, Katy, not the rope. The staple drew out of the roof. It was a cracked one, and not safe. Don't you recollect my telling you not to swing to-day? Did you forget!"

"No, Aunt Izzie—I didn't forget. I—" but here Katy broke down. She closed her eyes, and big tears rolled from under the lids.

"Don't cry," whispered Clover, crying herself, "please don't. Aunt Izzie isn't going to scold you." But Katy was too weak and shaken not to cry.

"I think I'd like to go up stairs and lie on the bed," she said. But when she tried to get off the sofa, everything swam before her, and she fell back again on the pillow.

"Why, I can't stand up!" she gasped, looking very much frightened.

"I'm afraid you've given yourself a sprain somewhere," said Aunt Izzie, who looked rather frightened herself. "You'd better lie still a while, dear, before you try to move. Ah, here's the doctor! well, I am glad." And she went forward to meet him. It wasn't Papa, but Dr. Alsop, who lived quite near them.

"I am so relieved that you could come," Aunt Izzie said. "My brother is gone out of town not to return till to-morrow, and one of the little girls has had a bad fall."

Dr. Alsop sat down beside the sofa and counted Katy's pulse. Then he began feeling all over her.

"Can you move this leg?" he asked.

Katy gave a feeble kick.

"And this?"

The kick was a good deal more feeble.

"Did that hurt you?" asked Dr. Alsop, seeing a look of pain on her face.

"Yes, a little," replied Katy, trying hard not to cry.

"In your back, eh? Was the pain high up or low down?" And the doctor punched Katy's spine for some minutes, making her squirm uneasily.

"I'm afraid she's done some mischief," he said at last, "but it's impossible to tell yet exactly what. It may be only a twist, or a slight sprain," he added, seeing the look of terror on Katy's face. "You'd better get her up stairs and undress her as soon as you can, Miss Carr. I'll leave a prescription to rub her with." And Dr. Alsop took out a bit of paper and began to write.

"Oh, must I go to bed?" said Katy. "How long will I have to stay there, doctor?"

"That depends on how fast you get well," replied the doctor; "not long, I hope. Perhaps only a few days."

"A few days!" repeated Katy, in a despairing tone.

After the doctor was gone, Aunt Izzie and Debby lifted Katy, and carried her slowly up stairs. It was not easy, for every motion hurt her, and the sense of being helpless hurt most of all. She couldn't help crying after she was undressed and put into bed. It all seemed so dreadful and strange. If only Papa was here, she thought. But Dr. Carr had gone into the country to see somebody who was very sick, and couldn't possibly be back till to-morrow.

Such a long, long afternoon as that was! Aunt Izzie sent up some dinner, but Katy couldn't eat. Her lips were parched and her head ached violently. The sun began to pour in, the room grew warm. Flies buzzed in the window, and tormented her by lighting on her face. Little prickles of pain ran up and down her back. She lay with her eyes shut, because it hurt to keep them open, and all sorts of uneasy thoughts went rushing through her mind.

"Perhaps, if my back is really sprained, I shall have to lie here as much as a week," she said to herself. "Oh dear, dear! I can't. The vacation is only eight weeks, and I was going to do such lovely things! How can people be so patient as Cousin Helen when they have to lie still? Won't she be sorry when she hears! Was it really yesterday that she went away? It seems a year. If only I hadn't got into that nasty old swing!" And then Katy began to imagine how it would have been if she hadn't, and how she and Clover had meant to go to Paradise that afternoon. They might have been there under the cool trees now. As these thoughts ran through her mind, her head grew hotter and her position in the bed more uncomfortable.

Suddenly she became conscious that the

glaring light from the window was shaded, and that the wind seemed to be blowing freshly over her. She opened her heavy eyes. The blinds were shut, and there beside the bed sat little Elsie, fanning her with a palm-leaf fan.

"Did I wake you up, Katy?" she asked in a timid voice.

Katy looked at her with startled, amazed eyes.

"Don't be frightened," said Elsie, "I won't disturb you. Johnny and me are so sorry you're sick," and her little lips trembled. "But we mean to keep real quiet, and never bang the nursery door, or make noises on the stairs, till you're all well again. And I've brought you something real nice. Some of it's from John, and some from me. It's because you got tumbled out of the swing. See—" and Elsie pointed triumphantly to a chair, which she had pulled up close to the bed, and on which were solemnly set forth: 1st. A pewter tea-set; 2nd. A box with a glass lid, on which flowers were painted; 3d. A jointed doll; 4th. A transparent slate; and lastly, two new lead pencils!

"They're all yours—yours to keep," said generous little Elsie. "You can have Pikerv, too, if you want. Only he's pretty big, and I'm afraid he'd be lonely without me. Don't you like the fings, Katy? They're real pritty!"

It seemed to Katy as if the hottest sort of a coal of fire was burning into the top of her head as she looked at the treasures on the chair, and then at Elsie's face all lighted up with affectionate self-sacrifice. She tried to speak, but began to cry instead, which frightened Elsie very much.

"Does it hurt you so bad?" she asked, crying too, from sympathy.

"Oh, no! it isn't *that*," sobbed Katy, "but I was so cross to you this morning, Elsie, and pushed you. Oh, please forgive me, please do!"

"Why it's got well!" said Elsie, surprised. "Aunt Izzie put a fmg out of a bottle on it, and the bump all went away. Shall I go and ask her to put some on you too—I will." And she ran toward the door.

"Oh, no!" cried Katy, "don't go away, Elsie. Come here and kiss me, instead."

Elsie turned as if doubtful whether this invitation could be meant for her. Katy held out her arms. Elsie ran right into them, and the big sister and the little, exchanged an embrace which seemed to bring their hearts closer together than they had ever been before.

"You're the most *precious* little darling," murmured Katy, clasping Elsie tight. "I've been real horrid to you, Elsie. But I'll never be again. You shall play with me and Clover, and Cecy, just as much as you like, and write notes in all the post-offices, and everything else."

"Oh, goody! goody!" cried Elsie, executing little skips of transport. "How sweet you are, Katy! I mean to love you next best to Cousin Helen and Papa! And"—racking her brains for some way of repaying this wonderful kindness—"I'll tell you the secret, if you want me to *very* much. I guess Cousin Helen would let me."

"No," said Katy; "never mind about the secret. I don't want you to tell it to me. Sit down by the bed, and fan me some more instead."

"No!" persisted Elsie, who, now that she had made up her mind to part with the treasured secret, could not bear to be stopped. "Cousin Helen gave me a half-dollar, and told me to give it to Debby, and tell her she was much obliged to her for making her such nice things to eat. And I did. And Debby was real pleased. And I wrote Cousin Helen a letter, and told her that Debby liked the half-dollar. That's the secret! Isn't it a nice one? Only you mustn't tell anybody about it, ever—just as long as you live."

"No!" said Katy, smiling faintly, "I won't."

All the rest of the afternoon Elsie sat beside the bed with her palm-leaf fan, keeping off the flies, and "shue"—ing away the other children when they peeped in at the door.

"Do you really like to have me here?" she asked, more than once, and smiled, oh, so triumphantly! when Katy said "Yes!" But though Katy said yes, I am afraid it was only half the truth, for the sight of the dear little forgiving girl, whom she had treated unkindly, gave her more pain than pleasure.

"I'll be so good to her when I get well," she thought to herself, tossing uneasily to and fro.

Aunt Izzie slept in her room that night. Katy was feverish. When morning came, and Dr. Carr returned, he found her in a good deal of pain, hot and restless, with wide-open anxious eyes.

"Papa!" she cried the first thing, "must I lie here as much as a week?"

"My darling, I'm afraid you must," replied her father, who looked worried and very grave. "Dear, dear!" sobbed Katy, "how can I bear it?"

(To be continued.)

THE FATHER OF A PAIL.

BY OLIVE THORNE.

If you think the Syrians are droll, they think the same of us. They laugh at our high hats, and call them pails, and the wearer they call the "Father of a Pail."

When the little red shoe boy is born, there are great doings in his father's house. Presents are sent in, and everybody calls to

congratulate the family. But the great event is the making of a dainty dish, which is sent around to all the relations in little bowls. This wonderful compound is made of pounded rice, spiced and sugared, and covered with nuts. Funny enough it would taste to us, I dare say.

But now there's a very sad thing to be told. When a girl is born, no such festivities are indulged in. There are no presents and no dainties. The mother weeps, and the relatives send condolences. Do you want to know why? For the selfish reason that a girl grows up and marries into some other family, thus taking something away from her father's house, while a boy grows up and brings a wife home, thus adding to the family dignity.

There are some pleasant things about life in that country. For one thing they have fresh fruit all the year round. Grapes and figs, which sell for a cent a pound, watermelons, peaches and peas, besides some that will not grow in our gardens, such as pomegranates, sweet lemons, bananas, and oranges. Oranges sell five for a penny, and sweet lemons cost just half that amount.

I am sorry to say that the red shoe boy and his friends are not particular about speaking the truth. They have a story that in the beginning of the world seven bags of lies were sent to be distributed in the world, and by accident they all got loose in Syria.

Then if one gets angry at you and wants to call down evil on you, he will not condescend to speak of *you*, but will vent his bad words on your father and grandfather, and the further back he goes the more dreadful it is, and the more it enrages his enemy.

Most of the people are very ignorant; few of the women—even those belonging to the better class, and dressing elegantly—can read or write. The doctors are not much more learned than the rest. One that Mr. Jessup, a missionary, tells about, begged some old newspapers of him, and when he got them he soaked them up soft and made them into medicine. The most popular way of seeking help in sickness is to carry gifts to the tomb of some saint.

The religion of the Syrians does not allow them to eat pork, and they have a rooted dislike to hogs. If an innocent swine comes into a town everybody shouts at him, loads him and his father and grandfather with hard names, and generally end by driving him out.

Boys will be boys—even in that country, and you'll be surprised to learn that they play almost the same games as we do. Leap frog—which they call "owal howa"—marbles, and base ball for out doors, and blind man's buff, puss in the corner, and "button, button," for the house. The last

game they call "pebble, pebble," and I suppose they play it with a small stone.

Some of their nursery stories also are very much like ours. There is one in particular almost like our story of the "Three Kids and the Wolf." You remember, of course, that the kid's mother left them alone at home, telling them to be sure and not open the door, except to her. The wolf, who was hungry, and especially partial to young kid for his breakfast, came to the door, and, by means of his wolfish cunning, deceived the three little innocents within so that they thought it was their mamma, and opened the door. Of course you have not forgotten the double catastrophe that took place. The wolf swallowed the unfortunate kids, and then was too well stuffed to get away, and the mother returning in time, ripped him open with her horns, when out leaped the three kids, as lively and frisky as ever.

The Syrians—as I said—have a story almost exactly like this, only of course such a natural monster as a wolf would not suit their superstitious taste, and the unfortunate thief in the story is a ghou, whatever that may be.

If you have read *Arabian Nights* you know what is meant by the "evil eye."

And it seems odd to know that these people believe in it still. There's nothing of which mothers are so much afraid, as that some one should admire their children and cast an evil eye on them. So, if one is unfortunate enough to have an unusually pretty child, she takes care to keep it ragged and dirty, to avoid this danger. Blue eyes are considered the most dangerous.

If a child is delicate, the wise parents change its name, because they say the first name did not agree with it, and made it ill.

Another superstition is the belief that the sound of bells attracts evil spirits, so instead of them men are placed on towers in the towns, to call them to prayers.

The most useful thing a person can own in that country is a camel. You have seen dozens of pictures, and read hundreds of stories about camels, I daresay. You have read how they can go many days without water, and when a traveller in the desert is suffering from thirst, he can kill his camel, and find pure water in his reservoir. You have heard that they lie down to be loaded and unloaded, and that they carry great timbers across the mountains—often falling too, and being dashed to pieces. But did you ever hear about their getting mad, and biting off a man's hand, or the top of his head; or rushing through a village, growling and bellowing, and frightening the people half out of their wits; and did you know that you could get sea-sick riding on a camel's back?

On the whole, though you could ride on

a camel, get five oranges for a cent, and have summer all the year round, I don't believe you would like to live in Syria, would you, now?

FAITHFUL IN THE LEAST.

"It is not much that I can do to help the great world on;

I'll gladly do whate'er I can," said little crippled John.

"So every day I'll watch my chance, from early morn till night,

To do some kindly act, or speak in favor of the right.

I'll bear my burden cheerfully;—the loving Lord will care,—

I know He watches, and will help,—He gave it me to bear."

So little John went bravely on;—his Master saw and smiled,

And graciously accepted all the service of the child.

"He that is faithful in the least is faithful in much more,"

So for that servant shall he set a blessed task in store

One day the boys cried "Hunchback, run! now run with all your might!"

Mocking his hapless gait;—yet John cried cheerfully. "All right."

And quickening his halting steps, he left them on the green,

And hid him in a distant wood, where he might weep unseen;

Yet wept not long, since every bird sang loud of peace and joy,

And the very purling of the brook spoke comfort to the boy.

Soon in his wanderings he came beside the iron road

On which the monster iron horse carries his precious load.

"I'll follow down the track; I know the train is due," he said;

"I like to see the mighty thing go thundering ahead!"

Then soon he came to where a bridge a mighty chasm crossed,—

A rail was broken!—John grew pale!—The train would sure be lost!

Then quick as thought he fell to work and gathered twigs and bark,

Dead limbs of trees, dry grass,—whate'er would burn or catch a spark.

"Thank God, I have a match!" he cried, and soon the fire blazed high

Upon the track, and still he worked, until the train was nigh.

He saw the engine slack its speed, then hid him in the wood;

No praise or thanks craved little John, but the joy of doing good.

—Selected.

The Home.

PET BIRDS.

I am obliged to acknowledge, sorrowfully that there are bad birds as well as good birds, and that one of the very worst of these—the raven—has been a general favorite with mankind. From the time when Noah sent him out of the Ark and he did not come back again, there is very little good told of him. It is true one was Elijah's servant, but doubtless in this case he was honest "on compulsion." It is said also that when Domitian was assassinated an observant raven screamed out, "It is a good deed—it is right well done;" but it is probable that blood and not retribution was the point of satisfaction to him. In Grecian mythology he assumes more than the bird of Jove, but considering that he knew the secrets of the gods, and could make his nest in the oracles, if he chose, his pretensions may be excused.

However, it is not as the bird of Apollo, but as the bird of Odin, that the Anglo-Saxon knows him as a bad bird. His very likeness on the mystic banner of heathen Denmark was long a terror to the eastern counties of England, for

"When was hoisted that standard black
Before, was battle—behind, was wrack;
Was shedding of blood and rending of hair,
Rape of maiden and slaughter of priest,
Gathering of ravens and wolves to the feast."

Yet, in spite of this bad record, and of being a thief "on instinct," he is among the agricultural peasantry of England a great favorite. Most inland villages can boast of wonderfully educated ravens, though to hear their conversation one would be very apt to exclaim as the shepherd did at North's raven—"A bird cursin'! What sort o' an education must the cretur hae had?" However, it is a most diverting bird, and capable of an odd but very sincere affection. The one at Central Park is but a poor untaught specimen; and yet how impudently he walks, how pawkily he turns his broad head from side to side, how black are the feathers that "chide blackness," how evil that keen, bright eye which seems to say, "I know all about you." You don't want to think of Satan, of course, but you will not be able to help it, and a dim idea will strike you that perhaps Barnaby Rudge's raven knew himself better than the world did when he so constantly assert-

ed, "I'm a devil! I'm a devil!" Not for all his wisdom would I have a raven for a pet, lest he should turn into a familiar spirit.

No; if we want a talking bird, let us have a parrot. "They are so selfish, and cross, and noisy." They generally do as they are done by; are we any better? Besides, their crossness may be sickness for want of proper food and attention. They require abundance of fruit, and their bread should be soaked first in boiling water, then pressed dry, and allowed afterwards to absorb as much fresh boiled milk as it will hold. Great cleanliness is necessary; and their feet, being subject to disease, should be washed for them, and if at all tender, the perches should be covered with flannel. If the bird refuses to bathe, his feathers must be sprinkled, and, if put in the sun, he will plume and dress them. When moulting, a chili pod must be given occasionally; and asthma, which is their great trouble in this climate, may be cured by putting Cayenne pepper in their bread and milk.

They are very sensitive both to neglect and kindness, and will sulk at the one and respond to the other very readily; while neither time nor absence destroys their memory of what they love. Once

"A parrot from the Spanish main
Full young and early caged came o'er
With bright wings to the black domain
Of Mulla's shore.

Though fretted in the climate cold,
He lived and chattered many a day,
Until with age from green to gold
His wings grew gray,
At last, when blind and seeming dumb,
He scolded, laughed, and spoke no more,
A Spanish stranger chanced to come
To Mulla's shore
He hailed the bird in Spanish speech,
In Spanish speech the bird replied,
Flapped round his cage with joyous screech,
Dropt down, and died."

But if you want a bird to love you, then choose a bulfinch. His affection for his mistress is often so great as to cause his death if he be separated from her; and always makes him intensely jealous of all who share her regard with him. Their natural song is not musical, but they may be taught to whistle almost any melody by patiently reiterating it to them while they digest their food, which is rape or canary seed, with a little lettuce or apple. When moulting, they require hard egg and bread

crumbs, and a clove put into their water; and if they should mope or ruffle their plumage, scalded rape-seed must be given them for a few days.

If a clever bird is your fancy, get by all means a goldfinch. You can teach him to climb a little ladder, to pretend to be dead, to draw his own water, to sweep out his cage with a little broom, to ring a small bell for his food, and many other entertaining tricks which, being of a restless, busy nature, he thoroughly enjoys. Goldfinches are great *bon vivants*, and are subject to fits from overeating themselves. When these occur, dip the bird, head-downward, in cold water, and put him on low diet for a few days, and he will readily recover.

Canaries are like flowers, they do not thrive unless their keepers love them. Nothing is more cruel than to keep birds and leave servants to attend to them, and this is especially true of canaries. They do not live by seed and water alone, they crave equally companionship and love. They ought, too, to be kept in pairs, for they have a great deal to say to each other that they can not say to you, and it is delightful to watch their gossipings and confidences.

I possess two canaries which, though in no respect remarkable birds, are a source of constant pleasure and amusement. The male is an old bird of fine breed, dignified, aristocratic, on some days hardly tolerating the fidgety, talkative, demonstrative female, and resenting either by contemptuous silence, or by a downright good scolding, her interference in his contemplations. Again, he is in a good temper, and then she is the happiest of bird wives. They fly from room to room together, sit upon the window sills, and exchange opinions about the sparrows, or hold consultations about next spring's housekeeping.

Canaries love great variety in their food, and if plenty of exercise be given them, they may be safely trusted with anything they will eat. During moulting a few poppy seeds are excellent, and at all times a little branch of fir or pine seems to afford them the greatest pleasure. The little extra cleaning or trouble incurred by letting them have the use of one or more rooms, is abundantly compensated by their love, their happiness, and their charming companionship. Certainly those who pretend to entertain birds of any kind should be their friends and not their jailers, for birds, above all living creatures, were "created to be glad."

Therefore, if birds are your pets, you must not keep a cat, for it is the original sin of this beautiful creature to eat birds, however much she is forbidden. For my own part I like cats; I discover in them a variety of character that admits of endless

study. Whoever saw two cats' faces with just the same expression? And the conformation of their skulls varies as much as those of human beings.

I am not going to praise them indiscriminately. I have known cats that gave me the horrors. Cats that made sudden leaps on the high places, whose eyes were lightning, whose tender mercies were cruel, whose claws were as prompt as the stiletto of an Italian brigand. Cats that made you think of witches' sabbaths and sorceries.

Then, again, there are cats that are born "loafers," who prow around roofs and backyards, and stay out late at nights, and whose voices are always in

"that unearthly throttling catterwaul
When feline legions storm the midnight wall,"

and who are vagabonds by their own choice and election. It was to this class that the noble mother of Coriolanus had reference, when she summed up all the treacherous meanness of the Roman rabble in that one contemptuous epithet, "Cats!"

Then, again, there are cats that go softly, with blinking eyes and hypocritical purr, slowly cruel, patiently treacherous, pensive as a nun, begging with the patience and perseverance of a monk. Everybody knows such cats—like men of the character they know how to "do well unto themselves"; they are good mousers, and we praise them for it.

But these are only varieties; there are plenty of good cats, and always have been; whose shrine is still the hearth-rug; who repudiate familiarity from strangers, but are loyal to the home that shelters them, discriminatingly affectionate, daintily clean, philosophically meditative, thoroughly respectable. Cats who enable you to understand the feeling which caused Southey to confer honors on his cats, and even raise one to the peerage, with the title of "Earl Tomlemagne, Baron Raticide, Waowther and Skaratchi."

I like, personally, to have good authority for my peculiarities, and I can assure those who like cats that they like them on good security. Not to mention the sacred character given to them by the Egyptian and Scandinavian mythologies, they have also unto this day with the Mohomedans a kind of imputed godness, because of the affection with which the prophet of that faith regarded his own particular favorite: for he allowed her to make the bosom of his robe the nursery of her kittens, and once cut off the sleeve of his robe rather than disturb her mid-day siesta.

Petrarch had his cat, when dead, embalmed, and Rousseau shed some genuine tears over the loss of his. When Dr. Johnson's cat was ill—"Great Bear" though he was called—he nevertheless nursed it night and day, and went himself for the oysters with

which he tempted its returning appetite. Cowper did not disdain to write the Elegy for his favorite Tabby, and even Scott, "the dog-loving," as he grew old learned to appreciate the cat's quiet affection and peaceful companionship; while there is no pleasanter picture in all Montaigne's writings than that the old Gascon philosopher draws of himself and puss playing together in his study.—*Christian Union*.

A LEAF FROM A MOTHER'S DIARY.

BY MRS. S. T. PERRY.

It is ten o'clock! I am so tired! and husband is asleep in his chair. I have only just finished the flannel dress baby needs so much. I have turned down the lights in the nursery, but the rays fall aslant upon some illuminated texts upon the wall. I can just distinguish the words in the dim light: "Whosoever receiveth such a little child in my name receiveth Me." "Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones, for I say unto you that their angels do always behold the face of My Father." If it were not for those words I should feel discouraged to-night. The day has gone, just as so many other days went before it, with so little accomplished. I got up before light, to mend Annie's dress, so she could wear it to school. Asked Jesus to give me more of His Spirit in my dealings with the children to-day. Got the dress mended before breakfast. Then baby woke up; was very cross while I was washing and dressing him; think he must be getting another tooth. Spent a half hour getting the children off to school, hunting up books, pencils, mittens, etc. Cut out a dress for baby; just got my needle threaded, when Katie came up from the kitchen, screaming. She had been helping Bridget iron, and the consequence was a long, smarting burn, on her right arm. Had to find the salve, and do the burn up in a soft linen cloth. The salve not being a sufficient power to allay the smart, I was induced to make the hat with the scarlet feather, so long promised Miss Eugenie. Miss Eugenie is a coll, who, in Katie's opinion, had no hat that was either stylish or in the fashion. While Katie was watching the progress of hat-making, baby, who had just learned to creep, crept up to the corner, where the doll was lying on the little bedstead, and pulled her unceremoniously off on to the floor, pounding her head in so unmerciful a manner that dolly was in danger of never wanting anything so worldly as a fashionable hat. Then followed such a demonstrative lecture from Katie, that I had to talk to her long and seriously about the beauties of a forgiving spirit, and a gentle manner toward her

little brother. The effect of Katie's lecture on baby was so ruffling to his little spirit, that it took a long rocking and a good deal of singing to get him calm and quiet. After I got him asleep in his cradle, I took up the flannel dress, got three of the seams sewed up, when Willie came in with such gusto that he awakened baby. I felt out of patience with Willie's want of forethought, and spoke very harshly and impatiently to him.

I was in no proper mood to receive the coat, which he threw into my lap, with the intelligence, that in playing "prisoner," the boys had torn all the buttons off, and ripped down the pockets. Sure enough, the buttons had all deserted their respective stations, and a new reinforcement had to be immediately put on. While Willie tried to amuse the baby, I got the coat ready to make its appearance again at the afternoon session of school; but I did not do my work with a cheerful spirit. In the afternoon, baby was so fretful, that I couldn't resume work on the dress—in fact, I did nothing but hold him. There were so many things that ought to be done that afternoon, that I felt every moment spent in taking care of baby was lost time.

About three o'clock, Mrs. Montague called to see why I didn't attend the maternal meetings. She was sure I might manage to attend one afternoon in a month—and it seems as if I might; but always when they have been appointed, Bridget has had extra work to do, and couldn't take care of baby for me to go. Mrs. Montague says they would be a great help to me in managing the children. I presume they would. Willie says, however, that they don't improve Charlie Montague; that he won't go to Sabbath-school, and sit next to Charlie again, because Charlie sticks pins into him while the teacher is explaining the lesson. I told Willie that that was not the effect of "maternal meetings," but of the sinfulness in Charlie's own heart.

Soon after Mrs. Montague left, husband came home. I was going to tell him how tired I was, and how my arms ached; but when I looked into his face, I saw that business had not gone all right, that something troubled him. So I got the children all off to bed as soon and quietly as I could. I was sorry that he happened to go into the kitchen just as Bridget's dampers were all turned, and the stove was red hot. He thought I ought to look after things more, and "blow her up" when she didn't do as she ought. I knew that even a very small "blowing up" would blow Bridget out of the kitchen entirely; and, in most respects, she is better than any other girl I might get. Then, too, he happened to take up Willie's boots, which he found were already wearing out in the soles. He asked me how Willie managed to wear his boots out

so soon. He said he thought the shoemaker cheated me, and put in poor leather. I replied that I did not wish to be called to an account for the shoemaker's sins, that I had enough of my own to answer for. I was so sorry that I said it, but I am very impulsive. Husband did not say any more, and I kept sewing on the flannel dress; and when baby stirred, I sung

"Hide me, O my Saviour, hide
Till the storm of life be past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O! receive my soul at last!"

I prayed with the children when I put them to bed to-night, just as I always do. I trust they will never grow too old to have mother pray with them. And now, Father, the day is done. I would like to have done some greater work for Thee. What I have done have been such little things. But Thou hast put just such work into my hands, and if I neglect that to do a greater one, perhaps it will not be as acceptable to Thee. What I have done I submit to Thee. Forgive all that has not been done cheerfully and in a patient spirit, and make me stronger each day in wisdom and grace, to do the work which Thou hast committed to my hand.—*Selected.*

HOME HINTS.

CHILDREN AT FAMILY PRAYERS.—No hour in the day should be more delightful than that in which the home circle gathers around the family altar for the morning sacrifice of praise and prayer. But to the little ones it is often very irksome, because the service is conducted with no regard to their wants. Let the singing, for there always should be that, be such as they can enjoy and gradually join, and let the reading of the Scriptures be distinct, and, as far as possible, selected with reference to their understanding; and above all, let the prayer include their needs and their wishes, expressed in simple language, and the little ones will enjoy, and be edified by, the family devotions.

WISDOM A HANDMAID TO CHARITY.—In almost every household many things are allowed to go to loss which a wise economy would put to some good use. Even the most skilful economist would hardly expect to do much with an odd glove. Some one, however, tossed into a missionary box—probably with scarcely a hope of its doing much good—a nice fur glove for the left hand. It found its way, or, rather, was carried, to a missionary in the far northwest whose right hand was gone. Such a happy arrangement may not always be made, but the contents of the "old-clothes bag" may do more good if they are dis-

tributed with some thought, than if they are thrown out to the first applicant without any regard to adaptedness.

GETTING AWAY FROM THE CHILDREN.—

When a baby is too young to reason with at all, it may be best to put on your bonnet in another room, and save it if possible from all thought of your absence until your return. But I have found it the best way usually to give the little ones an affectionate good-by when I leave them for an hour or more. It is only treating them fairly, and they appreciate your confidence in them. Sometimes one will set up a cry to go too, when it is not a part of your plan to have its company; but you have only to refuse firmly—the more emphatically the louder it cries. It usually takes more than one lesson to teach a child that it cannot conquer you by screaming. Many children do gain their wishes in that way. Last summer I heard a child of four crying to go down town with her father. I heard him say petulantly more than once, "No, you can't go"! She only screamed the louder, and at the last moment he said, with the air of a vanquished man, "Well, get your bonnet and come along then." That child knows how to gain her point with her father, who regards her as a very wilful child. A few weeks afterwards the same little girl's mother came along past a group of children, and her own child skipped out to meet her. The mother had her hat under her shawl. She gave the little one some errand into the house, and then ran fast around the corner with the friend who accompanied her, saying to me, "I am going to meeting and I don't want her to go." The little one came out in a few minutes and enquired for her mother. I called her to me and said, "Your mother has gone to meeting. She was afraid you would cry to go with her if she told you; but I am sure I can tell her when she comes home that you did not cry at all." She went back to her play without any complaint, and the mother seemed surprised when I told her about it next day.

CHILDREN AND MONEY.—Most persons seem to believe that children, even after they have reached an age of intelligence and discrimination, should not be trusted with money; that those who are so trusted are almost invariably ruined. More harm is done, in our judgment, by an exactly contrary course. If children,—at least when they are fairly out of leading-strings,—are not allowed to have small amounts of money, how can they possibly learn its proper use? Wise spending is the result of experience, instead of theory, even with grown persons. How then should the merest youngsters learn to use six-

pences and shillings steadily withheld from them?

Human nature is always benefited by a sense of responsibility, and children are by no means an exception. So long as they are deprived of money, they can have no clear idea of its value, and, later in life, when they begin to get some, they very naturally waste it in order to make up for their early deprivation. A boy should be allowed to buy his own tops, marbles, and skates, instead of having them bought for him. In this way he will enjoy them more, and have a more thorough appreciation of them. If he makes a mistake, chooses a bad top, or imperfect marbles, or poor skates, do not replace them with such as he would like; but let him use those of his own selection till he has the money to buy others. Next time he will know what not to buy, will be more careful in deciding, and will have gained a desirable feeling of self-dependence. It is, perhaps, a little hard to tender parents to compel children to abide their own mistakes. The rule seems harsh; but the world is so infinitely harsher a school than any home can be, that, for ultimate good, present pain may be endured.

Children accustomed to money in moderation have little, if any temptation, to get it by improper or dishonest means. It then ceases to bear the attraction of forbidden fruit or to appear to their ardent fancy as if all happiness were included in its power of purchase. Are not the boys who pilfer, or carry from the household anything they can turn into cash, frequently those who have been impelled to do it by a scant allowance of pocket-money from parents to whom it would have been a trifle? With legitimate indulgence they very soon learn that a shilling is worth but a shilling, and that a dollar is only a dollar; that, badly used, one or the other will bring discomfort as well as pleasure; and this lesson cannot fail to be of permanent benefit to them. The boy who has learned to use sixpences judiciously while he is ten or twelve, will be pretty apt to understand the proper value of dollars before he is out of his teens.

NERVES.

Women's looks depend too much on the state of their nerves and their peace of mind to pass these over. The body at best is the perfect expression of the soul. The latter may light wasted features to brilliancy, or turn a face of milk and roses dark with passion or dead with dulness; it may destroy a healthy frame or support a failing one. Weak nerves may prove too much for the temper of St. John, and break down the courage of Saladin. Better things are before us, coming from a fuller appre-

ciation of what is needed for body and soul, but the fact remains that this is a generation of weak nerves. It shows particularly in the low tone of spirits common to men and women. They cannot bear sunshine in their houses. Their work is fuss; instead of resting, they idle—and there is a wide difference between the two things. People who drink too much tea and smoke too many cigars, read too much or stay in-doors too much, as well as those of a low tone of spirits, find the hum of creation too much for them. The swell of the wind in the pines makes them gloomy, the sweep of the storm prostrates them with terror, the everlasting beating of the surf and the noises of the streets alike weary their worthless nerves; the happy cries of school children at play are a grievance to them; indeed, there are people who find the chirp of the hearth cricket and the singing of the tea kettle intolerable. But it is a sign of diseased nerves. Nature is full of noises, and only where death reigns is there silence. One wishes that the men and women who can't bear a child's voice, a singer's practice, or the passing of feet up and down stairs, might be transported to silence like that which wraps the poles or the spaces beyond the stars, till they could learn to welcome sound, without which no one lives.

Children must make noise and a great deal of it, to be healthy. The shouts, the racket, the tumble and turmoil they make, are nature's way of ventilating their bodies, of sending the breath full into the last corner of the lungs, and the blood and nervous fluid into every chord and fibre of their muscles. Instead of quelling their riot, it would be a blessing to older folks to join it with them. There is an awful truth following this assertion. Do you know that men and women go mad after this natural stimulus which free air and exercise supply? It is the lack of this most powerful intoxication, which knows no reaction, which makes them drunkards, gamblers, and flings them into every dissipation of body and soul. Men and women, especially those leading studious, repressed lives, confess often to a longing for some fierce brief madness that would unseat the incubus of their lives. Clergymen, editors, writing women, and those who lead sedentary lives have said in your hearing and mine that something ailed them they could not understand. They felt as if they would like to go on a spree, dance the tarantula, or scream till they were tired. They thought it the moving of some depraved impulse not yet rooted out of their natures, and to subdue it cost them hours of struggle and mortification. Poor souls! They need not have visited themselves severely if they had known the truth that this lawless longing was the cry of idle nerve and mus-

cle, frantic through disuse. What the clergyman wanted was to leave his books and his subdued demeanor for the hill-country, for the woods, where he could not only walk, but leap, run, shout, and wrestle, and sing at the full strength of his voice. The editor needed to leave his cigar and the midnight gaslight for a wherry race, or a jolly roll and tumble on the green. The woman, most of all, wanted a tent built for her on the shore, or on the dry heights of the pine forest, where she would have to take sun by day and balsamic air by night; where she would have to leap brooks, gather her own firewood, climb rocks, and laugh at her own mishaps. The nervous, capricious woman must be sent to swimming-school, or learn to throw quoits or jump the rope, to wrestle or to sing. There is nothing better for body and mind than learning to sing, with proper method, under a teacher who knows how to direct the force of the voice, to watch the strength, and expand the emotions at the same time. The health of many women begins to improve from the time they study music. Why? Because it furnishes an outlet for their feelings, and equally because singing exerts the lungs and muscles of the chest which lie inactive. The old Italian method, which is the only true one, brings all the power of the voice from the depth of the chest and abdomen, instead of taking it from the throat. The voice goes through the throat, modified by the palate, nose, teeth, and lips, which act on it like the keys of a flute; the pitch is given by directing the stress of breath in different directions, down in the chest, in the throat, or up in the head, but the power for the highest as well as the lowest note is supplied by the bellows of the lungs, worked by the mighty muscles of the chest and sides. In this play the red blood goes to every tiny cell that has been white and faint for want of its food; the engorged brain and nervous centres where the blood has settled, heating and irritating them, are relieved; the head feels bright, the hands grow warm, the eyes clear, and the spirits lively. This is after singing strongly for half an hour or an hour. The same effect is gained by any other kind of brisk work that sets the lungs and muscles going, but as music brings emotion into play, and is a pleasure or a relief as it is melancholy or gay, it is preferred. The work that engages one's interest as well as strength is always the best. *Per contra*, whatever one does thoroughly and with dispatch seldom continues distasteful. There is more than we see at a glance in the command, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." The reason given, because the time is short for all the culture and all the good work we wish to accomplish, is the apparent one; but the root of it lies in the necessities of

our being. Only work done with our might will satisfy our energies, and keep their balance. Half the women in the world today are suffering from chronic unrest, morbid ambitions, and disappointments that would flee like morning mist before an hour of hearty tiring work. It is not so much matter what the work is, as how it is done. The weak should take work up by degrees, working half an hour and resting, then taking it steadily up again. It is better to work a little briskly and rest than to keep on the slow drag through the day. Learn not only to do things well, but do them quickly. It is disgraceful to loiter and drone over one's work. It is intolerable in music and in life.

The body, like all slaves, has the power to react on its task-master. All mean passions appear born of diseased nerves. Was there ever a jealous woman who did not have dyspepsia, or a high-tempered one without a tendency to spinal irritation? Heathen tempers in young people are a sign of wrong health, and women should send for physician as well as priest to exorcise evil spirits. The great remedy for temper is—sleep. No child that sleeps enough will be fretful; and the same thing is nearly as true of children of a larger growth. Not less than eight hours is the measure of sleep for a healthy woman under fifty. She may be able to get on with less, and do considerable work, either with mind or hands. But she could do so much more, to better satisfaction, by taking one or two hours more sleep, that she can not afford to lose it. Women who use their brains—teachers, artists, writers, and housewives (whose minds are as hard wrought in over-seeing a family as any one's who works with pen or pencil)—need all the sleep they can get. From ten to six, or, from eleven to seven, are hours not to be infringed upon by women who want clear heads and steady tempers. What they gain by working at night they are sure to lose next day, or the day after. It is impossible to put the case too strongly. Unless one has taken a narcotic and sleeps too long, one should *never* be awakened. The body rouses of itself when its demands are satisfied. A warm bath on going to bed is the best aid to sleep.

People often feel drowsy in the evening about eight or nine o'clock, but are wide awake at eleven. They should heed the warning. The system needs more rest than it gets, and is only able to keep up by drawing on its reserve forces. Wakefulness beyond the proper time is a sign of ill health as much as want of appetite at meals. It is a pity that people are not as much alarmed by it. The brain is a more delicate organ than the stomach, and nothing so surely disorders it as want of sleep.

Sunshine, music, work, and sleep are the great medicines for women. They need

more sleep than men, for they are not so strong, and their nerves are more acute.

Work is the best cure for *ennui* and for grief. Let them sing, whether of love, longing, or sorrow, pouring out their hearts, till the love returns into their own bosoms, till the longing has spent its force, or till the sorrow has lifted itself into the sunshine, and taken the hue of faithfulness, not of despair.—*Bazar*.

HOW TO COOK POTATOES.

BY PROF. BLOT.

To be good potatoes must look fresh, the smaller the eyes for their kind, the better. By nipping a piece with the nail at the larger end, or cutting it with the knife, you can ascertain if the potatoes are sound. They must not have decayed spots, as this is a sign of disease. The part immediately under the skin is the best. When peeled raw, the peel must be grated away, or cut as fine as possible, and the potatoes immediately dropped in cold water, else, by being exposed to atmospheric air, they turn reddish.

It is better to steam than to boil potatoes. Being very watery, they are more mealy when cooked; they are still more so when baked or roasted. Every one knows what a potato steamer is. The potatoes should be of a uniform size to cook evenly. Those who do not possess a steamer should, as soon as the potatoes are boiled (which take from twenty or thirty minutes), turn the water off, cover the pan well with a towel and the cover, put it back on the corner of the range or stove for fifteen minutes, and then peel and use; the gentle heat for that period makes them more mealy, as it evaporates the water.

MASHED POTATOES.—Take a quart or more of good potatoes, peel, and cut them in two or four pieces, which keep in cold water until the whole are ready; then wash them and put them in a pan, covered with cold water and a little salt; set the pan on the fire, and cook them. When done, put the pan on the back of the range or stove, take a potato-masher and mash them well, then add butter, and mash well again to mix the butter thoroughly among the whole. When this is done, add about half a pint of milk, little by little, mashing at the same time; then add salt and pepper to taste, and a pinch of sugar. The better and more they are mashed, the whiter and better the potatoes are. Be prodigal of elbow grease for mashed potatoes. An improvement is to mash them through a colander before adding the butter, thus preventing any lump that might escape the masher.

The quantity of butter and milk should

be according to taste, and, if liked, two or more yolks of eggs beaten with a little milk may be added after the butter.

FRIED POTATOES.—Peel the potatoes carefully, dropping them in cold water as soon as peeled, then cut them either in slices, dice, or fillets, or cut them in round or oval pieces with a vegetable spoon or cutter, dropping the pieces in cold water also. When all are cut, have hot fat on the fire, take the potatoes from the water, shake them in a coarse and dry towel, and turn them into the pan of boiling fat; stir now and then with a skimmer until done, then turn them into a colander; from the colander turn them into a clean coarse and dry towel, and shake them in it gently. Dust fine salt all over, and serve warm. The operation of turning into a colander, and from thence into a towel, and the salting and dishing, must be done quickly, to prevent the potatoes from getting cold. Thus done and served, they are dry, warm, and crisp.

If the potatoes are desired swollen, when they are nearly cooked turn them into the colander; then put one or two pieces of wood over the fire under the pan to warm the fat a little more; as soon as the flame of the wood makes the fat throw off bubbles of smoke, put the potatoes back into it, stir gently with the skimmer for from half to one minute, then turn them again into the colander, and serve hot. They may also be shaken in a towel to have the fat absorbed by it. They are also dusted with fine salt.

When fried potatoes are cut with a vegetable spoon or cutter, they are often called *à la Française*; when cut in fillets, they are called *à la Parisienne*.

Fried potatoes as above make a good and tasteful garnishing for a dish of meat or fish.

Lyonnais Potatoes.—Boiled or steamed potatoes left from the dinner may be prepared *à la Lyonnaise* for the next day's breakfast. The potatoes are peeled and sliced; then peel and slice one or more onions, which put into a frying-pan with butter; fry until the onions are turning yellowish, when you add the slices of potatoes. Keep tossing now and then until the potatoes are fried and somewhat yellow.

Salt to taste and serve warm.

Persons who do not like onions may make *potatoes sautées*. Put butter in a frying-pan, and when melted, turn the slices of potatoes in, toss now and then as above, and serve warm.

MAÎTRE D'HÔTEL POTATOES.—Steam potatoes as explained above; then peel, and cut them in pieces, which you put in a pan with a piece of butter, a little chopped parsley, salt and pepper; toss now and then for two or three minutes, and serve warm.

ANOTHER WAY.—Steam, peel, and slice

the potatoes; set a pan on the fire with butter in it, and as soon as melted add a tea-spoonful of flour; stir with a wooden spoon until the butter and flour turn of a golden color; add then one pint or one quart of milk, according to the quantity of potatoes, salt to taste, give one boil, and take off; add the potatoes, put the pan on a slow fire for twelve or fifteen minutes, stirring the while, and adding a tea-spoonful of chopped parsley beaten with two table-spoonfuls of milk and two or more yolks of eggs; serve warm.

ANOTHER WAY.—Steam, peel, and cut the potatoes in rather thick slices, which put on a plate, and put it in the oven. Melt a little butter in the pan, to which add a good pinch of chopped parsley, salt, pepper, and a small pinch of grated nutmeg; put on a good fire for two or three minutes, stirring the while; pour on the hot potatoes, stir the whole gently together, and serve as warm as possible.

BURY THEM.

One of those pictures "which hang on memorial wall," is that of a deeply shaded yard with fruit and shrubbery abounding on every side; yet the place is one I remember always with aversion. I passed through it only once, when perhaps not six years old, but the house and grounds are indelibly stamped on my mind. The house was a very respectable one, but its inmates had made a practice of throwing their old tin-ware about the yard, under the clumps of lilacs and currant bushes, wherever it came handy. They must have been hard on tin-ware, judging from the looks of the grounds. There were old battered coffee-pots and basins, pie dishes and little pails, all rusting in the damp soil, and giving such an unsightly appearance to the premises!

My aversion to such things may be deeper seated than common, but it must be a peculiar eye that looks with pleasure on them. Nothing mars a pretty place more than a rusty bit of tin ware lying about, or a broken dish. "What shall we do with them?" is often a very serious question with housekeepers, especially those who live in closely built towns. If you have a yard of ground, it is a good plan to make a burial of such things, say every three months. "Dead men tell no tales." You can have a pit deep enough to keep them from coming to the surface when the garden is spaded up.

But if you have to send them off to the woods, do not leave them lying about. Children remember such a home with anything but pleasure. It stamps you at once with the character of untidiness in the neighborhood. It offends the eye of those

who pass your place, and the impression is often life-long.

Do not throw them into the street of all places, to frighten horses, and trip up the feet of unwary passers-by. Make the old servants a good comfortable grave when their time of service is over, and supply their places as soon as you can with bright new pieces. There is as much comfort in shining new saucepans, as there is the reverse in old battered and burnt ones.

SELECTED RECIPES.

MULLAGATAWNY SOUP.—*Ingredients.*—2 table-spoonfuls of curry-powder, 6 onions, 1 clove of garlic, 1 ounce of pounded almonds, a little lemon pickle, or mango juice, to taste; 1 fowl or rabbit, 4 slices of lean bacon, 2 quarts of stock. Slice and fry the onions of a nice color; line the stewpan with the bacon; cut up the rabbit or fowl into small joints, and slightly brown them; put in the fried onions, the garlic, and stock, and simmer gently till the meat is tender; skim very carefully, and when the meat is done, rub the curry-powder to a smooth batter with a little stock; add it to the soup with the almonds, which must also be first pounded with a little of the stock. Put in seasoning and lemon pickle or mango juice to taste, and serve boiled rice with it. Time, 2 hours. Sufficient for 8 persons. *Note.*—This soup can also be made with breast of veal or calf's head. Vegetable mullagatawny is made with veal stock, by boiling and pulping chopped vegetable marrow, cucumbers, onions, and tomatoes, and seasoning with curry-powder and cayenne. Nice pieces of meat, good curry-powder, and strong stock, are necessary to make this soup good.

TO BOIL EGGS FOR BREAKFAST, SALADS, &c.—Eggs for boiling cannot be too fresh, or boiled too soon after they are laid; but rather a longer time should be allowed for boiling a new-laid egg than for one that is three or four days old. Have ready a saucepan of boiling water; put the eggs into it gently with a spoon, letting the spoon touch the bottom of the saucepan before it is withdrawn, that the egg may not fall, and consequently crack. For those who like eggs lightly boiled, 3 minutes will be found sufficient; $3\frac{1}{4}$ to 4 minutes will be ample time to set the white nicely; and, if liked hard, 6 to 7 minutes will not be found too long. Should the eggs be unusually large, as those of black Spanish fowls sometimes are, allow an extra $\frac{1}{2}$ minute for them. Eggs for salads should be boiled from 10 minutes to $\frac{1}{4}$ hour, and should be placed in a basin of cold water for a few minutes; they should

then be rolled on the table with the hand, and the shell will peel off easily.

TO MAKE DRY TOAST.—To make dry toast properly, a great deal of attention is required; much more, indeed, than people generally suppose. Never use new bread for making any kind of toast, as it eats heavy, and, besides, is very extravagant. Procure a loaf of household bread about two days' old; cut off as many slices as may be required, not quite $\frac{1}{4}$ inch in thickness; trim off the crusts and ragged edges, put the bread on a toasting fork, and hold it before a very clear fire. Move it backwards and forwards until the bread is nicely colored; then turn it and toast the other side, and do not place it so near the fire that it blackens. Dry toast should be more gradually made than buttered toast, as its great beauty consists in its crispness, and this cannot be attained unless the process is slow and the bread is allowed gradually to color. It should never be made long before it is wanted, as it soon becomes tough, unless placed on the fender in front of the fire. As soon as each piece is ready, it should be put back into a rack, or stood upon its edges, and sent quickly to table.

TO MAKE HOT BUTTERED TOAST.—Cut as many nice even slices as may be required, rather more than $\frac{1}{4}$ inch in thickness, and toast them before a very bright fire, without allowing the bread to blacken, which spoils the appearance and flavor of all toast. When of a nice color on both sides, put it on a hot plate, divide some good butter into small pieces, place them on the toast, set this before the fire, and when the butter is just beginning to melt, spread it lightly over the toast. Trim off the crust and ragged edges, divide each round into 4 pieces, and send the toast quickly to table. Some persons cut the slices of toast across from corner to corner, some making the pieces of a three-cornered shape. Soyer recommends that each slice should be cut into pieces as soon as it is buttered, and when all are ready, that they should be piled lightly on the dish they are intended to be served on. He says that by cutting through 4 or 5 slices at a time, all the butter is squeezed out of the upper ones, while the bottom one is swimming in fat liquid. It is highly essential to use good butter for making this dish.

RHUBARB JAM.—*Ingredients.*—To every lb. of rhubarb allow 1 lb. of loaf sugar, the rind of $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon. *Mode.*—Wipe the rhubarb perfectly dry, take off the string or peel, and weigh it; put it into a preserving-pan, with sugar in the above proportion; mince the lemon-rind very finely, add it to the other ingredients, and place the preserving-pan by the side of the fire; keep

stirring to prevent the rhubarb from burning, and when the sugar is well dissolved, put the pan more over the fire, and let the jam boil until it is done, taking care to keep it well skimmed and stirred with a wooden or silver spoon. Pour it into pots, and cover down with oiled and egged papers. *Time.*—If the rhubarb is young and tender, $\frac{3}{4}$ hour, reckoning from the time it simmers equally; old rhubarb, $1\frac{1}{4}$ to $1\frac{1}{2}$ hour.

BREAD FRITTERS are made by soaking bread-crumbs in milk over night. In the morning add an egg and salt and very little flour, as the thicker the batter is made by the crumbs the shorter and more delicious they are.

TEA RUSK.—One pint of sweet milk; 1 tea-cup of sugar; a piece of butter the size of an egg, warmed in the milk; 1 teaspoonful of salt; 1 teacup of potato yeast, and flour enough to make a soft sponge; let it rise in a warm place. When light, add same quantity of butter and sugar, and two eggs, beaten very light; work in flour enough to make dough like raised biscuit; not very stiff; let it rise again; roll out and cut with a cake-cutter; lay them in tins greased with butter; cover closely with cloth to prevent the surface from drying; set in a warm place till light enough to bake. When done, mix a little molasses with the yolk of an egg, and wet the surface with it just before removing from the oven.

TO MAKE GOOD PLAIN BUNS.—*Ingredients.*—1 lb. of flour, 6 oz. of good butter, $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. of sugar, 1 egg, nearly $\frac{1}{4}$ pint of milk, 2 small teaspoonfuls of baking-powder, a few drops of essence of lemon. *Mode.*—Warm the butter, without oiling it; beat it with a wooden spoon; stir the flour in gradually with the sugar, and mix these ingredients well together. Make the milk lukewarm, beat up with it the yolk of the egg and the essence of lemon, and stir these to the flour, &c. Add the baking powder, beat the dough well for about 10 minutes, divide it into 24 pieces, put them into buttered tins, or cups, and bake in a brisk oven from 20 to 30 minutes.

YEAST.—Two cups of grated potatoes; one half cup of sugar; one-fourth cup of salt. Place these in a pan and pour over the mixture, one quart of boiling water, stirring meanwhile. Place the whole on the stove and let it boil up once. When cool enough—about blood heat—add half a cup of good yeast. Set in a warm place to rise. It is very light and foamy, and does not sour readily. Like all soft yeast, keep it in a covered vessel as cool as possible without freezing.

Literary Notices.

FRENCH HOME LIFE. Adam Stevenson & Co., Toronto.

This is a Canadian edition of a work which was originally published in the form of essays in *Blackwood's Magazine*. These essays attracted a good deal of attention, partly from the fact that they were written by a master hand and partly on account of the novelty of some of the ideas advanced by one who evidently knew what he was talking about. A few extracts will show the character of the book better than any description.

ADAPTABILITY IN FRENCH SERVANTS.

Adaptability is another great merit of both men and women. They are able and willing to do each other's work: none of them would ever dream of saying, "It's not my place to do it." If there be any reason for it, a cook will clean the drawing-room, a footman will cook the dinner, a lady's maid will black the boots, without any grumbling, and rather as fun than otherwise. English servants seem to entertain a sort of contempt for each other's functions, and to look upon any momentary exchange of them as being degrading to their dignity. They condemn the notion of learning anything they don't know, particularly cookery; altogether forgetting that, if they marry, they will have to prepare their own food, and that it might be useful to learn a little about it beforehand.

The French, on the contrary, are so versatile, so imitative, so eager to pick up scraps of knowledge, that they are always ready to try their hand at a new occupation.

A good man-servant always knows a little of carpentry and upholstery, can mend a broken lock, can sew, can fry and stew, can bottle wine, and make beds, and dust rooms, as if he had been born for nothing else. The women—most of them, at least—can do all sorts of women's work, have some idea of doctoring and nursing, and of the use of medicines, can wash and iron, and wait at table. Never was the notion of being "generally useful" more clearly understood or more gaily practiced

than by the better part of the Paris servants, and by country servants almost without exception. And when your household is an old one; when you have had the luck to get together a group who do not quarrel; when the duration of service in your house begins to count by years; when the heart has grown interested on both sides,—then you find out what French servants are capable of being. Then, when sorrow comes, when sickness and death are inside your walls—then you get the measure of the devotion which equality alone can produce. Then come long nights spent together watching by feverish bedsides, in mutual anguish and with mutual care; then comes tears that are shed together over the common loss, and hands that wring yours with the earnestness of true affection; and afterwards, when you are calm enough to think, you recognize that those servants are indeed your friends.

Such cases are unfrequent in Paris, though even there they are sometimes found; but in the country they are ordinary enough.

One more distinctive feature of the French servant is that you are his master; he is not yours. The understanding on which he comes to you is, that though he is your equal, he suspends all pretension to practical equality while he is in your service.

The fact that he can put an end to this suspension when he likes, encourages him to support it while it lasts. The English servant is always struggling to maintain his imaginary dignity by sticking out for the infinitely small privileges which by degrees, and under the pressure of necessity, have been conferred upon him. The Frenchman, feeling that his rights as a man are absolutely on a par with those of his master, attaches vastly less importance to his rights as a servant, and is consequently ready to do whatever you ask, provided only you ask in a way which pleases him.

The result is, that though servants are considered in France quite as much as they are in England, the consideration takes a different form. In England, few mistresses would venture to disturb their servant at his dinner: in France he is unceremoniously sent out, if necessary, on an errand of two hours between his soup and his meat, and the man goes cheerily and without a growl.

He does this because he knows that, if he falls ill, his mistress will tend him with her own hands; that her children will come and read to him; that he will receive the signs of sympathy which indicate mutual regard. Of course none of these descriptions have any universal application; France contains plenty of bad masters and plenty of bad servants: but what is absolutely true is, that, as a rule, the French servant is capable not only of rendering the highest class of service in all its details and in the most varied forms, but also of rendering that service with a natural simplicity and matter-of-course interest which doubles its value. His conduct depends partly on his own temper, but still more on the attitude of his master towards him. The secret lies in the way he is handled. He is susceptible of a vast deal of education: he may be developed to a high standing of ability in his trade, and to sincere devotion to his master. If he becomes a scamp, it is ordinarily because he has been entirely neglected by the people he serves. It may, however, be said to the honor of many French families, that their system of action at home is to try to make the very best of the material at their disposal. They recognize that the science of indoor life is worthy of close study and pursuit; that it is, like married happiness, an object which needs tender nursing and constant watchfulness; that there is no error greater than to suppose that it will necessarily go on by itself like a clock that is wound up; that to maintain it in its best form it is essential to keep it incessantly in view, and to modify its treatment as its conditions change. This is the true philosophy of home life; this is an act in which the French excel, and in which they are singularly aided by the supple plasticity of their servants.

EMOTIONAL DEVELOPMENT.

Every one will assent to the proposition that the most marked feature of the character of the French is the development of their emotional and sensational faculties.

This development exists in both sexes, but is far more evident amongst the women than amongst the men; it acquires force with education, and is most glaringly conspicuous in the highest classes. Repression of manifestations of feeling forms no part of French teaching; on the contrary, those manifestations are regarded as natural and desirable. We therefore find that French mothers rather encourage their children, and especially their daughters, never to conceal the impressions which may agitate them, providing always that those impressions are honest and real, and are not of a nature to shock either *convenances* or principles. It follows that the

impulses of children remain unchecked, that they rush into light directly they are felt, and that the influence of mothers and of governesses is employed to guide such impulses to a faithful and graceful form of expression far more than to suppress or even control them in themselves. There is a vast deal to be said in favor of this system.

It stimulates individuality, it fortifies the affections, it develops sensibility in many of its varied forms. It has been applied for generations, and it has produced an hereditarily-acquired capacity of sentiment which, at this present time, is certainly greater than that possessed by any other nation. The range of this capacity is most extensive. It applies to almost every position and almost every accident of life, to art, and even to science; but its full effects, its full consequences, are naturally observed in the tenderer sympathies, in the emotions, and in the gentler duties which fall particularly on women. There is, in most Frenchwomen, a gushingness, an unrestrained outpouring of inner self, which is reproduced in their daughters as abundantly as in themselves. Girls, from their very babyhood, live side by side with demonstrative mothers, who show and say what they think and feel with a natural frankness of which they are scarcely conscious. The children not only inherit this disposition but are aided to develop it in their own little hearts by example, contact, and advice. They are born impulsive.

They are shown how to be so. They are told that, provided impulse be well expressed, and be directed to worthy objects, it is a source of joy, of tenderness, and of charm. The English theory is very contrary to this; but such matters are questions of race and of national habit. And furthermore, if we are honest, we shall own that keen susceptibility of emotion is infinitely attractive in a true woman. Young French girls have it to an astonishing extent, particularly in the upper ranks. Their heads and hearts live in the open air; their natures are all outside. They have no place where they can hide away a thought from their mother's sight; it must come out. It is easy to understand, even at a distance, how this simplifies the guidance of a child. Its merits and its defects come right into its mother's hand. She has not got to hunt for them, and to doubt whether she sees the truth; it glares at her in the hundred little acts and words of her expansive girl. The French child wears no mask.

And the direct action of the mother becomes all the stronger from the almost universal custom of keeping her children with her day and night. Many a girl in France has never slept outside her mother's chamber until she leaves it to be married; and, at the worst, she is no farther off than

the next room, with the door open between. Such unceasing neighborhood brings about an action which may be not only intellectual and moral, but possibly physical and magnetic too. The mother passes into the daughter, the daughter absorbs the mother—their essences get mixed; and hence it is that Frenchwomen exercise such singular power over their girls, and that the girls so generally become an exact reproduction of the mother under whose constant eye they have grown to womanhood. Between the transparent frankness of the child's nature and the indefatigable proximity of the parent, we get the explanation of the regular transmission of those types of character which seem to remain unvaried in so many French families of the upper class, and which may almost be said to belong to them as their names do. The same qualities and the same defects are reproduced amongst the old nobility from generation to generation.

SOCIAL INTERCOURSE.

One of the highest merits of the French system of manners is, that it tacitly lays down the principle that all persons meeting in the same house know each other without the formality of introduction. Any man may ask any girl to dance, or speak to anybody at a private party. This in no way extends to public gatherings, where the guarantee of supposed equality which results from the fact of knowing the same host does not exist. But in drawing rooms the rule is absolute; everybody may talk to everybody. This is an intelligent and most practical custom; it facilitates conversation; it dispels all awkwardness towards your neighbor; it melts cold natures; it makes it possible to pass a pleasant hour in a house where you do not know a soul; it gives a look of warmth and unity to a room. No one is obliged to sit gloomily and in silence between two repelling strangers. If you want to speak you are sure of a listener. Of course people are often regularly introduced to each other by the master or the mistress, especially at dinner-parties; but in those cases the object is to put a name upon them, not to authorize them to converse; for that act no permission is required. The French have such a need to talk, and, generally, they talk so well, that it is easy to understand how this rule grew up; but the explanation should not be limited to that one cause. Sociableness is almost as real a necessity for them as chatter is, and the first condition of its practice is that all needless barriers should be suppressed between persons of the same society; so, for this reason too, liberty of acquaintance has been adopted indoors. Its effect on manners, strictly so called, is to polish them still further; for,

though you have the indisputable right to begin a conversation with a lady next to you whom you have never seen before, you can only do so on condition of employing the most respectful shades of attitude and language; you cannot jump into intimacy with her, and can only profit by her presence provided you show yourself to be well worthy of it. Between men these obligations are naturally less strict, though they continue to exist in a great degree, and involve the use of courteous forms and of much more ceremony than is necessary between previous friends. The principle which temporarily equalizes all the people who are united under the same roof has other applications besides this one. It is a consequence of the same-self theory which obliges men to raise their hats when they enter a railway carriage, or an omnibus, or a waiting-room, or a shop, or any covered place where they find other people. It is the same feeling which leads them to bow respectfully to every lady they may encounter on a staircase; and if she does not return the courtesy, you may be sure from that single fact that she is not a Frenchwoman. These acts, and others like them, are very civilising; they add much grace to life; they induce external consideration and respect for others; the style in which they are executed gives you an instantaneous and generally correct idea of the entire manners of the performer. This brings us to that infinitely grave question—a Frenchman's bow.

There are many theories on this deep subject; there have been many professors of the noble science of salutation; there are, even in these degenerate days, differences of opinion as to the exact nature and ordination of the movements which compose a bow; but the generally adopted practice of the best modern school is after this wise. When you meet a lady that you know, you begin, four yards off, by calmly raising your outside arm, right or left, as the case may be. There must be no precipitation in the movement, and the arm must be maintained at a certain distance from the body with a sort of roundness in its curve and motion; that is, it must not come up too direct, and especially not too fast. When the hand arrives at the level of the hat rim, it must seize it lightly, slightly, with about half the length of the fingers; it must slowly lift the hat, and slowly carry it out in air to the fullest length of the gradually-extended straightened arm; but not in front, it must go out sideways, horizontally from the chest and on a level with the shoulder; this part of the operation must last several seconds. Simultaneously the hat must be turned over, by a calculated gradual movement, in exact proportion with the progress of its passage through the atmosphere, so that,

starting perpendicularly with the crown upwards, it may describe a complete semi-circle on its road, and reach the extreme limits of its distance at the precise instant when it has become upside down, and the lining gazes at the skies. At the instant when the hat is lifted from the head, the body begins to slightly bend, the inflection being so organized that the full extent of curving of the spine shall be attained concurrently with the greatest distance of the hat. A slight respectful smile is contemporaneously permitted to flicker furtively about the corners of the mouth. Then the hat comes slowly sweeping back again, its inward motion presenting the exact inverse of its outward journey; the back grows straight once more, the smile disappears, the hat resumes its accustomed place, the bow is over, the face grows grave, and you, the author of that noble act, murmur within yourself, "I think I did that rather well." But, if the lady should stop to speak to you (she alone can determine whether conversation shall take place out of doors), you remain bareheaded; the arm is slowly dropped till the now forgotten hathangs vacantly against the knee; the back continues somewhat bent; and when the talk is over—when, with a half-curtsey and an inclination of the head, the lady trips away—the bending of the body becomes profound, the hat starts off once more to the full distance which the arm can cover, but at a rather lower altitude than before, it executes a majestic, radiating sweep through space, and then goes on to the hair, and all is over. Written description renders the whole process somewhat absurd, but the impression is very different when the act itself is contemplated. Modern manners offer scarcely any form of deference so grand, so thorough, so striking in its effect as a really well-executed bow. English people are rarely able to judge it rightly, for their notions and practices on the subject take so different a form that the Frenchman seems to them to exaggerate ridiculously when he superbly waves his hat all round him; but, on the other hand, the British fashion of salute is miserable and contemptible in Gallic eyes, and is, especially, utterly inexpressive of the courtesy and the homage which men ought to manifest towards women. In France the very boys know how to bow; and though the nation exhibits every sort of degree of capacity in the matter, from the highest to the lowest, the dogma that bowing is a really important function is believed in almost everywhere.

LANGUAGE.

If we turn from the aspects of the subject as a whole to the details of wording and of phrasing which make up familiar talk, we find in them differences from our

own expressions which, though relatively few in number, suffice to indicate marked contrasts of form and thought, and even of national habits. These differences merit examination, not only for the sake of satisfying curiosity, but because, when they are real, and not merely external, they lead us to enquire why idioms differ between close neighbors, what is likely to be the influence on French minds of certain particular locutions which the French employ, and what is the evidence of their condition which results therefrom. The needs of modern nations are growing so much alike, there is everywhere such a disposition to import each other's technicalities when they supply a new necessity, that radical peculiarities in single words are becoming somewhat rare. "Pudding," "comfort," "cold cream," and "rail," have become French within our generation, while we have borrowed back *vis-à-vis*, *ennui*, *protégé*, *chignon*, and *chaperon*. Yet there are still gaps on both sides, and some of them are of a nature to make both sides stop to think a little. For instance, the French language contains no such word as "sober." It possesses the positive expressions "drunk" and "tipsy," which are literally conveyed by *ivre* and *gris*; but our negative denomination "sober" has no existence across the Channel. *Sobre* is in no degree its counterpart; the meanings of the two words are absolutely different. The French one is translatable solely by "temperate" or "abstemious;" never can it or any other Gallic syllables be made to signify the opposite condition to intoxication. The entire absence of any word descriptive of that state, is in itself an argument and a declaration. The English drink enough to need a special illustrative title for a man who has not drunk; the French, though the Parisians did begin to rather copiously swallow alcohol during the two sieges, have never yet felt the necessity of forming any such curious subjective appellation, consequently they have not got it. Here is, surely, an evidence of character betrayed by language. A second odd example is the total absence, in French, of any word equivalent to "listener." It seems hardly credible that with thirty-seven million of talkers, no provision, other than the cumbersome paraphrase, *celui qui écoute*, should have been made for auditors. The only interpretation of so odd a blank lies in the supposition that each Frenchman chatters for himself, not for others; and that, not caring whether he is listened to or not, he has never recognized that he has no denomination for the person to whom he speaks. He has the verb *écouter*, but no corresponding substantive. In the same way he can say "to teach," but he cannot express "teacher." Another singularly suggestive vacancy exists in all the diction-

aries opposite the eminently British adjective "dowdy." No Frenchwoman ever merited that epithet. Call her all the hard names you like, "dowdy," at all events, will never come into your head or hers. The notion it conveys is so foreign to her comprehension, that there is no practical channel for communicating our interpretation of it to her. And who ever saw a "genteel" Frenchwoman? And who ever saw one "giggle?" Neither those odious words, nor the still more odious ideas which they convey, exist beyond Dover Straits. But if France owns these enviable privileges, she pays for them in the utter want of "gentleman." She has, however, the goodness to recognize her insufficiency, and to absorb the word from us, telling us, possibly with some truth, that she does so because a gentleman is so essentially modern an invention that she has had no time, in the middle of her revolutions, to compose her own word for it. And again, though the change of subject is rather wide, no Frenchman can understand what on earth we mean by that omnipresent, universal, elastic, "stuff," which, with us, indicates nearly everything which language can convey, materially, morally, and intellectually. We never stop to think about it; but if we did, surely we should be humiliated at the poverty of invention which has led us to assign such an infinite variety of significations to that one wretched monosyllable.

There are not very many more words than these which cannot somehow be rendered out of English; but there is a second category of expressions where all the advantage lies on our side, because, though they can be translated with more or less exactness, they have a merit and precision in Anglo-Saxon which their representatives in French in no degree possess. Such are, in verbs,—shrivel, dabble, baffle, jerk, coax, ride, trample, smoulder, trickle, scowl, stare, stand, and huddle; in adjectives,—bleak, dreary, grim, forlorn, neat, dutiful, eager, earnest, few, snug, and flimsy; in substantives,—rustle, ripple, bloom, gloom, sneak, sheen, and quibble. These examples, which are put down at hazard, will serve to show what is the class of words in which we excel; and the evidence will become clearer still if we compare some of them with their French equivalents. *Frou-frou* is a pretty sound, but never did it suggest the crisp echoes of moving silk as "rustle" does; "mounting on a horse" may be a grammatical definition, but "riding" says the same thing with very different vigor; "trickle" talks to us so cunningly of slow-falling drops that we can almost see and hear them, but *couler* or *dégoutter* rouse no such imagination in us; *morne* perhaps does come nearly up to "dreary," and that is a vast deal

to say, for the latter is a word of prodigious significance, but it is the only exception worth mentioning in the list; *regarder* or *dévisager* will not do for "stare;" *fleur* is indeed a poor substitute for "bloom;" *faire une mine rechignée* can scarcely be said to come up to "scowl;" *délaissé* does not translate "forlorn;" *obéissant et respectueux* do not express our idea of "dutiful." In all these cases, and in many others like them, the advantage is on our side. It continues with us in such phrases as "raw weather," "sandy hair," in which the adjectives are used with the happiest audacity; and in such words as stately, listless, lonely, somehow, scramble, twang, and scribble, which are all full of merit. If we want to say "kick" in French, we must resort to the eminently oblique expression, "give a blow of the foot;" but if we have to indicate narrowness, shortness, flatness, or tightness, we find, to our consternation, that we cannot say them at all; they are absolutely inexpressible in any form whatever. In moments of such distress as this one is tempted to regret that the French have not adopted the German system of converting verbs and adjectives into substantives when wanted, so that we might help ourselves to a new word to fill the vacant place.

* * * * *

The duplication of certain words is another peculiarity which should be noticed. *Jour* becomes *journée* when the duration of the daytime and not the day itself is to be conveyed. So it is again with *an* and *année*, *matin* and *matinée*, *soir* and *soirée*. *Si* is substituted for *oui*, if an affirmative reply is to be given to a question suggesting doubt, or if a previous *oui* has not carried conviction with it: to "Is it raining?" the answer would be *oui*; to "It is not raining, is it?" it would be *si*. New is expressed by *nouveau* if it refers to something which is commencing, by *neuf* if the something has not been used before. Number is called *numero* to express a figure, *nombre* to express a quantity. Before is conveyed by *devant* if it be a question of position, by *avant* if it be a question of time. Stalk becomes *queue* if it be a single stem, *raffe* if it be a bunch, like grapes or currants. We have but the one phrase "dozen;" the French have, *dizaine*, *douzaine*, *quinzaine*, *vingtaine*, and so on up to *centaine*. *En amont* means up the current of a stream; *en aval* is down the river. "More" is expressed by *plus* or *davantage*, according to variations of signification which it would be a waste of space to go into here. The French say *se moucher*, *se gâner*, *se chauffer*, all which ideas are expressed by us in the most lumbering forms of speech. Again, what word have we for *verglas*,—that peculiar state in which roads become like glass from frost; for *contre-coup*, for *séduisant*, for

famélique, for *recherché*? So we might go on for half an hour.

In terms of tenderness and affection French is, however, singularly poor. It contains absolutely nothing which is susceptible of being compared to our most admirable "darling." It has absurd denominations supposed to be suggestive of much love—but so have we; and there is not much to choose between the ridiculous inexpressiveness of duck and pet on our side, or of "little cabbage" and "littlerabbit" on the other. Where France, and indeed all Europe, beats us, is in that adorable *tutoiement*, that sweet use of "thou," which marks out so sharp a line between those we really love and the chilly world outside. There is no explaining to an Englishman what *tutoiement* means; there is no suggesting to him what a depth of fondness is contained in *tu*. When the subtle intensity of its sweetness has penetrated to our heart, we stare with wonder at the unhappy people who say *you* to wife and child; from our soul we pity them, and wonder whether they really think that "you" means love. To the real Englishman, to the insular thorough Britisher, this will look like folly, but let him ask Europe what *tutoiement* means, what is the inland sea of tenderness which it encloses; let him consult such advisers as have lived in sufficient contact with foreign friendships to be able to measure "you" and "thou" (the language hardly matters, for *tu* is everywhere outside our chalk cliffs); let him try to realize the profound, the limitless distinction which the exclusive use towards those we cherish of so marked a form of speech must necessarily establish,—and then, perchance, he may admit that "there is something in it." Indeed there is. To gain the consciousness of what *tutoiement* means it is worth while to live for years abroad—just as a voyage across the Atlantic is well paid for by the sight of Niagara Falls; it is a new sense which we acquire. It compensates for that incredible deficiency of French, the absence of distinct words for love and like, and for wife and woman; but the deficiency is evident to all England, while the compensation is appreciable only by a small minority amongst us.

* * * * *

For foreigners French is not a hard language to pronounce, approximately at least. But each nationality brings its own accent into it, the English being perhaps the most copiously supplied therewith. The *oi oi* of the Britisher is a distinctive mark which he finds it difficult to efface. He has no suspicion that it exists; but "*Paccent Anglais*" is so largely practised about France that the French, at all events, well know its peculiar sound, and have some trouble in comprehending that the

English do not hear it themselves with the same distinctness. But they do not; they go on talking, "not French of Paris, but French of Stratford-on-Bow-Town," as Chaucer put it some time ago, with a placidity and a confidence worthy of a better end. There must be, in a good many of us, something which altogether rebels against other tongues, for it is only amongst ourselves that cases can be found of persons who have lived regularly for thirty years in France, and who, at the end of that long period, say "*le peuple Francais*;" and are so incapable of distinguishing between the sound of *voleur* and *velours*, that they pronounce both alike as "*volloure*." These examples are rigorously true, and many more like them might be cited. Our great difficulty is, that we talk mainly from the middle of the mouth, while the French form their sounds in front, close against the teeth. When we have acquired the same habit, we have got half-way towards speaking French; until we have acquired it our chance is hopeless. As, however, most of us do not particularly care whether we speak well or badly, it is scarcely to be expected that we shall take the trouble which this implies. We argue that, after all, French is only one of the two thousand languages which have grown up since Babel separated us into nations, and that it is only under special circumstances that it becomes essential to know it really well. This consideration appears to us to be an excuse for our indifference.

ON SELF-CULTURE.—Intellectual, Physical and Moral.—A *vade mecum* for young men and students. By John Stuart Blackie, Professor of Greek in the University of Edinburgh.

This volume has attracted a great deal of attention from the press, and many extracts from it have already appeared. Speaking of the author, one reviewer says:

"He has been a practical instructor of youth from his early manhood, and he has not only prelected from the professor's chair, but has made the personal acquaintance of his best students, drawn them towards him, known them as an intimate friend or a father might know them, and made them, in some real sense, his children. He divides his subject into three parts—Culture of the Intellect, Physical Culture, and Moral Culture. His own life has been a constant culture in all the three kinds. He has cultivated his intellect not merely by converse, through their writings, with the immortal minds of Greece and Rome, but by energetic discussion of contemporary questions; he has cultivated his

physical nature by summer tours in various parts of Great Britain and the Continent, scaling hills with the agility of a wild goat; and he has preserved his moral purity and freshness by the warmest poetic appreciation of natural beauty and human nobleness, and by perpetual protest against all that seems to him hard, arid, and godless in the philosophy of the day. Such a man, when he undertakes to instruct the young in self-culture, is surely worthy of careful attention."

From the book itself we make the following extracts:

BOOKS AND FACTS.

In modern times instruction is communicated chiefly by means of books. Books are no doubt very useful helps to knowledge, and in some measure also, to the practice of useful arts and accomplishments, but they are not, in any case, the primary and natural sources of culture, and, in my opinion, their virtue is not a little apt to be overrated, even in those branches of acquirement where they seem most indispensable. They are not creative powers in any sense; they are merely helps, instruments, tools; and even as tools they are only artificial tools, super-added to those with which the wise provision of Nature has equipped us, like telescopes and microscopes, whose assistance in many researches reveals unimagined wonders, but the use of which should never tempt us to undervalue or to neglect the exercise of our own eyes. The original and proper sources of knowledge are not books, but life, experience, personal thinking, feeling, and acting. When a man starts with these, books can fill up many gaps, correct much that is inaccurate, and extend much that is inadequate; but, without living experience to work on, books are like rain and sunshine fallen on unbroken soil.

"The parchment roll is that the holy river,
From which one draught shall slake the thirst
forever!
The quickening power of science only he
Can know, from whose own soul it gushes free."

This is expressed, no doubt, somewhat in a poetical fashion, but it contains a great general truth. As a treatise on mineralogy can convey no real scientific knowledge to a man who has never seen a mineral, so neither can works of literature and poetry instruct the mere scholar who is ignorant of life, nor discourses on music him who has no experience of sweet sounds, nor gospel sermons him who has no devotion in his soul or purity in his life. All knowledge which comes from books comes indirectly, by reflection, and by echo; true knowledge grows from a living root in the thinking soul; and whatever it may

appropriate from without, it takes by living assimilation into a living organism, not by mere borrowing.

I therefore earnestly advise all young men to commence their studies, as much as possible, by direct observation of facts, and not by the mere inculcation of statements from books. A useful book was written with the title,—"How to Observe." These three words might serve as a motto to guide us in the most important part of our early education—a part, unfortunately, only too much neglected. All the natural sciences are particularly valuable, not only as supplying the mind with the most rich, various, and beautiful furniture, but as teaching people that most useful of all arts, how to use their eyes. It is astonishing how much we all go about with our eyes open, and yet seeing nothing. This is because the organ of vision, like other organs, requires training; and by lack of training and the slavish dependence on books, becomes dull and slow, and, ultimately incapable of exercising its natural function.

CHARACTER AND WEALTH.

If Great Britain be unquestionably the richest country in the world—so much so indeed that Sydney Smith, always witty and always wise, felt himself justified in saying, that it is "the only country in which poverty is a crime"—then certainly it is of paramount importance that every young man, when starting in the race of life in this country, should stamp into his soul the fundamental principle of all moral philosophy, that the real dignity of a man lies not in what he *has*, but in what he *is*. "The kingdom of heaven is within you"—not without. Beware, therefore, of being infected by the moral contagion which more or less taints the atmosphere of every rich trading and manufacturing community—the contagion which breeds a habit of estimating the value of men by the external apparatus of life rather than by its internal nobility. A dwarf, perched upon a lofty platform, looks over the heads of the multitude, and has no doubt this advantage from his position. So it is with the rich man who is merely rich; he acquires a certain social position, and from this, perhaps, gets M.P. tagged to his name; but, take the creature down from his artificial elevation, and look him fairly in the face, and you will find that he is a figure too insignificant to measure swords with. Fix this, therefore, in your minds, before all things, that there are few things in social life more contemptible than a rich man who stands upon his riches. By the very act of placing so high a value on the external, he has lapsed from the true character of his kind, and inverted the poles of human value.

Review of the Times.

The expulsion of Riel from the Dominion Parliament was accomplished, perhaps, with less excitement than might have been looked for, considering the strong passions which have been evoked since the affair has been pending. It is to be regretted that the questions of race and of religion have been raised, for of all methods of preventing an impartial consideration of a subject this is the most certain. Besides, in a country like Canada, where different races and religions live side-by-side, and will probably so continue to live for generations to come, anything that tends to produce antagonism between them is to be deprecated as tending to render the harmony of society impossible.

The question, however, assumed that aspect almost from the beginning; and, if anything, so far as religion is concerned, has tended to widen the breach, it is the active part taken in the affair by ecclesiastics of the Church of Rome.

Nothing, to the average Englishman or Scotchman is so distasteful as for ecclesiastics of any Church to take a prominent part in matters of pure politics. No matter whether it be Protestant or Catholic, the idea of priest or bishop espousing a course is sufficient to arouse a strong antagonism against it. One of the sorest points connected with the rule of the old Tory-party in Upper Canada, in former days, was that its policy was largely inspired by the Protestant Bishop of Toronto. So now, it is doubtful whether the exertions of Archbishop Taché and Father Ritchot in favor of the amnesty of Riel will not rather prejudice his cause than advance it; for this cannot possibly be looked at as a religious question. It is not a matter in which the rights, privileges, status or immunities of the Church are concerned. It is a purely political matter, to be judged on political grounds,

and to be dealt with on the simple principles of political equity and justice.

Judged on these grounds, the question resolves itself into the consideration whether the putting of Scott to death was an act fairly and properly arising out of the insurrection. There is every disposition to give complete amnesty for political offences, and so far as Riel's participation in the rising is concerned, there need be no cavil as to his being included in the benefit of it.

To assist in the consideration of this question, let us look at the way in which life may be taken in a time of insurrection or civil war:

1. When an insurrection breaks out, and civil war ensues, combatants may die with arms in their hands. For such deaths, when peace ensues, no leader of an insurrection is held responsible.
2. When an insurrectionary government is *de facto* established, even though temporarily, it can take cognizance of offences against itself and deal with them according to law. But here it is to be noted
 - (1) That the Government must be, at the time, the only authority in possession of the country.
 - (2) It must have regularly constituted courts, in which offences may be tried by responsible officers, and according to law.
 - (3) Until an insurrection has brought about such an established government, the utmost authority that can be exercised by its leaders against civilians who refuse to acknowledge it is that of imprisonment. If they proceed to take life in the absence of proper trial by a regular court, they must be held responsible, and the

responsibility is for taking life without authority—that is for murder.

- (4) Prisoners of war have under certain circumstances been put to death. But this is universally condemned as murder also.

Now, the case of Scott does not come under either the first category or the second. He was not slain in a battle or skirmish with arms in his hands; and it cannot be pretended that the insurrection had developed such an established government as could exercise its authority through regularly constituted courts. There was, it is true, a sort of trial; but if anything at all, the tribunal was a court-martial. But courts-martial are for the trial of soldiers, and though they deal also with prisoners, these must be prisoners of war, taken with arms in their hands. There could be no possible jurisdiction over such prisoners as Scott and his companions. Hence we are drawn to the conclusion that the putting of Scott to death was an act altogether beyond the limit of things that naturally arise out of a state of insurrection. For it, therefore, the leaders of that insurrection are responsible as an act of unlawful killing.

An amnesty for political offences would scarcely cover such an act as this, unless the act were specifically mentioned. A general amnesty would not condone it; and now that an indictment for murder has been laid, a true bill found by a Grand Jury, the jurisdiction of the law of England having been invoked through courts whose authority none can question, it would seem that nothing but a specific act of pardon for that particular offence will meet the case.

Whether such pardon will be granted it is impossible to say. At the best it is extremely doubtful. That a very large portion of the people of Canada would look upon such a pardon as an outrage upon justice, no man can doubt. The barbarous circumstances attending the putting of Scott to death, and the fact that he died because of his loyalty to the British flag, would alone be sufficient to restrain the Executive from interfering with the regular course of law; and ready as England has been to overlook and condone political of-

fences, and to avoid straining statutes against men who had made their submission, it is extremely doubtful whether she would not require a strict account of all cases where the life of loyal citizens has been taken without authority.

One of the first duties of the new Administration which has just succeeded to power was to examine thoroughly the financial condition of the country. It was largely upon a financial question that the late Government was wrecked, and for several years back the Opposition in Parliament have been uttering warnings against the constantly increasing expenditure. Certainly there was a *prima facie* case for it. An expenditure of \$13,000,000 in 1868, has grown to \$24,000,000 in 1873—a process which would infallibly make Canada as heavily taxed a country as Britain if it continued several years longer. Expenditure may be reasonably expected to grow with the growth of a country, but there must be a reasonable proportion between the one and the other. If population and wealth increase by four per cent. per annum, and expenditure increases sixteen per cent., it is evident that expenditure is increasing four times as fast as it ought to do. An annually increasing income to a sanguine man is a source of constant danger; for it is of the nature of such a man to anticipate the future, to realize it in the present, to live upon it, and to spend not as he earns now, but as he will earn by-and-by. Our income certainly has been increasing as fast as the expenditure; but there is one element that has powerfully contributed to this increase, so far which undoubtedly has spent its force. We have had an enormous increase in the volume of paper money circulating of late years. The whole amount in circulation is probably \$30,000,000, as against some \$10,000,000 not many years ago. The effect of such large volumes of paper afloat is to raise prices, stimulate expenditure, make trade active, and give the Government a large income. Real estate of all descriptions has risen in price in all parts of the country, and the cost of living is at least fifty per cent. more than it was ten years ago. These

are always effects which follow an issue of paper money by the Government; but it is to be noted that in all such cases any increase is only temporary in its character. The effect is very similar to that of a stimulating draught on the constitution. So long as it lasts there is apparently an increase of strength; but a reaction is inevitable. It may, indeed, be contended that this effect is only true of an *excessive* issue—that is, of an issue of depreciated currency; but, to a certain extent, it is undoubtedly true of such issues as we have been familiar with in Canada. Even if there is no reaction there is a limit to the effect, and any arrangements which are contingent on a continued increase of income, will expose the country to disappointment. It could only have been in the flush of excitement, caused by the rapid growth of income, that such a scheme as the original Pacific Railway could have been contemplated. In mercy to the country that has been abandoned for a more sober and sensible project. And now we are brought to look honestly and fairly, with no inducement to disguise, at the real position of our affairs. We certainly know the worst, for if there is a temptation to a new Finance Minister it is to take a gloomy view of the position in order to have the credit of bringing matters round. The present Ministry have a reputation for honesty and sincerity. This is an important matter, and if we have to submit to an increase of taxation, there is something assuring in the thought that our affairs are in the hands of men whose policy and antecedents have committed them to economy.

Respecting the measures proposed for increasing the revenue, there is an almost unanimous approval of some, and very great difference of opinion as to others. The duties on spirits and tobacco are precisely those which are most reasonable to fall back upon in the first place; the only question being as to the amount that can be imposed without danger of fraud. To place the duties as high as the Government propose, is probably to stretch them to the extreme limits.

Great fault, however, is found with the proposal to increase the duty on sugar. It

is alleged that by the way in which the duty is to be imposed, the whole trade will be thrown into the hands of one refinery, which will have, therefore, an entire monopoly. If this be the case, there ought to be a modification of the proposal, and probably if the duty were made to apply equally on sugar of all classes the desired end would be answered.

The tax on successions to property realize a very appreciable proportion of the revenue of Britain, and we think it highly probable that such a tax in the present advanced condition of Canada might prove of considerable advantage.

The institution of trial by jury was originally intended as a protection to the subject against the oppression of the Crown. The right of a man to be tried by his peers—using that word in any fair and natural sense—is no doubt an almost perfect safeguard; but, as every good thing may become mischievous by the use made of it, this system of trial may become an instrument of oppression if the jury who try are so carefully selected as not to be peers in any sense at all.

The law of libel has passed through many phases. At one time it was a maxim that the greater the truth the greater the libel. Then the law was used to crush political opponents without mercy, and judges, subservient to the Crown, strained the law against men whom England has long delighted to honor. A complete change has taken place there, and it would be impossible to convict, unless it were proved that private malice, and not a desire for the public good, were the impelling motive of a journalist. This is as it should be, and as it doubtless will be here, when we have passed through somewhat of the same experience, and public indignation has had time to shape itself in definite action.

The sooner the community are brought to see that the public good must be superior to all private concerns, the sooner shall we take our place in this matter by the side of that mother country whose children we are proud to call ourselves, espe-

cially in matters where the liberty of the subject is concerned.

The story of another French steamer, abandoned by her captain and crew, raises the question as to the existing regulations for protecting the public from the terrible risks run from the incompetence of naval officers. In the case of "*L'Amerique*," there is strong evidence of the whole catastrophe having arisen from the inefficient training and discipline of those in command and charge. The traffic of ocean steamers has, we believe, developed in a greater ratio than the provision for their management. A line of steamers can now be organized and built and freighted much more rapidly than men can be trained necessary for their equipment. Unlike poets, sailors are *made*, not born, and their manufacture is a tedious process. One or two lines alone can boast of having officers thoroughly qualified, not only for their actual, but also for possible duties. Only recently a vessel was taken from mid ocean to port by a passenger who happened providentially to be qualified for so strange a contingency, and a score of instances, very recent cases of shipwreck, could be narrated to show how necessary it is that the captain should not be the sole master of the art of navigation on board his vessel. The Cunard crew, down to the third officer, are able to take command of the steamers in case of need, and it would be a noble step for all maritime nations to agree upon some system of preparing sailors for the responsibilities which may come upon them from the removal of the higher officers, and some regulations to enforce upon all steamers a stricter discipline, and more thorough training of crews in the art of navigation as well as obedience to some well defined navigating routes and rates of speed. The public could put a wholesome check upon one grave evil in ocean steamship transit were they to *shun those lines which boast of short passages*. Hundreds who have been tempted on board fast steamers by the desire to avoid a day or more on the water, nowlie where no storm can come, and their unconfined bones preach the lesson specially applicable to ocean steamers—"the more haste the

worse speed." There have been remarks made reflecting on the courage of French sailors, which the abandonment of "*L'Amerique*" seems to have sadly justified, so far as its crew is concerned. But the general reflectoins made on the French marine are not just. It is a mere display of British vanity to draw so wide an inference from so narrow a basis of facts. The real truth seems to be that there is in the French commercial marine, as in that of other countries, a less rigorous discipline, less efficient training, than is required for meeting emergencies, and that for lack of this knowledge and order confusion reigns when the day of trial comes.

The marriage of Prince Arthur to the Princess Marie, of Russia, has given occasion for are petition of those congratulations in the interests of national amity and universal peace which are, we fear, more amiable and hopeful than aught else.

However deep may be the attachment of any people to the reigning dynasty, their attachment to their country, to what they consider their country's political or trading interests, is infinitely more profound and abiding; indeed, the earnestness of the former sentiment is in proportion to its being believed to be one phase of the other.

During the last war a strong feeling was at one time growing in England that France was being ill-used. A movement would have been highly popular to interfere on behalf of England's oldest foe, and murmurs were rising against the Queen and her Ministers because of their presumed indifference to the sacrifice of France on the altar of German ambition. At that time the connection of the royal families of England and Germany was a source of real trouble to the former. It was spoken of with ill-suppressed anger, as an element in the national interests and sentiments out of harmony with those of the people.

While therefore, doubtless, so far as relates to the mutual minor relations of the two nations connected by this august wedding, it must have a happy influence, and must help to the creation of that higher tone of national courtesy and good will which a better mutual acquaintance in men

and nations alike engenders, we are not prepared to anticipate the millennium of universal peace at any earlier date because the Houses of Guelph and Romanoff have given to each other, respectively, a son-in-law and daughter-in-law. To us the happiest feature of this marriage—and in respect to which civilization, indeed, humanity at large, are to be congratulated—is that it is not one of those arrangements made by Act of Parliament in violation of the most sacred instincts of our race.

If ever vice was glorified by any nation it was by England's Royal Marriage Act, the most scandalous of a scandalous age. To expect results favorable to international amity from marriages such as have taken place in compliance with that Act, marriages so repugnant to human feeling that they have made husband and wife enter wedlock with the intensest mutual hatred and loathing, is to expect immorality to be the harbinger of God's rich blessing—peace.

The coming of age of the Prince Imperial, an epoch which comes to those born in the purple three years before the rest of mankind, is not a political event of great magnitude—not so much so as if princes were not ripened into men so quickly. The exact position of the Prince Imperial is that of one amongst several pretenders to the throne of France, at present a throneless nation. Clever for his years, and discreet beyond them, he seems to be; but nothing less than miraculous gifts in the arts of intrigue and popularity-making, can render him for some time dangerous to any existing power ruling over France. Had his father remained on foreign soil, he would never have been the chosen of the French people for President or Emperor. The latest enthusiasm, which the Bonapartists believe will ere long place the Prince Imperial on the throne, will be found slow of fire, when it is sought to be enkindled on behalf of a young gentleman living the life which would be expected of him if he were the scion of an English family.

However absurd may have been the landing of Louis Napoleon at Boulogne, judged as a practical movement, it was really based upon that principle in human nature

which gives supreme advantage to a personal appeal over any form of indirect, impersonal one. To suppose that the young Prince can excite any enthusiasm for the luckless dynasty he represents while enjoying life as an exile, is to lose sight of the very manifest teaching of history—a teaching which every man's experience and instincts illustrate and confirm—that principles in the abstract have little power in enkindling enthusiasm compared with principles concentered in a person who is considered by those who accept them to be their embodiment. Great political movements have passion as their momentum. Without passion, greatness is never reached by any individual life; and the aggregate action of single lives stirred by strong impulses is the story of all popular movements of any moment or magnitude. The fire of such movements comes not from reflection and contemplation; it is produced by the imagination, which is humanity's electrical battery, and, like the material one, only affects what it sympathetically touches. A Prince whose hopes rest on the vivification of the passion of Frenchmen for military glory, of which the dynasty Napoleon is the embodiment, who desires to stir the imagination of a people by a name which, in spite of Sedan, is yet a synonym for glory, must touch that people by something more human than a published speech delivered in a foreign land. He must follow his father's steps, and by what means soever he accomplishes it, he must come into direct contact with those whose suffrages are necessary to rebuild the French Empire. Remembering the long struggle of Louis Napoleon, as exiled citizen, deputy, President, to reach the throne—remembering his tact, boldness, political genius and audacity, we are not disposed to anticipate for his son so early an accession to Imperial honors as many prophecy. We shall think better of his chances when he has won a position which will permit him to address the army officially, and to court their support by champagne and sausage luncheons. The founder of the Napoleonic dynasty once said, "*Le nom d'Empereur est un mot comme un autre, il faut que celui qui le porte, ait d'autres titres que celui là se présenter à*

la postérité." The Prince, therefore, has yet to show some title to the dignity he aspires to wear beyond an hereditary name. A recent *fête* given by Madame McMahon, said to have been on a scale of unsurpassed magnificence in that city of *fêtes*, shows that there is a determination to enlist Paris at any cost on behalf of the Septennat *ré-gime*. That *fête* was meant to show that Kings and Emperors are not essential to a brilliant and extravagant court, and that round the dazzle of Republican splendor, rich moths from England and America, and gay ones from all Europe, may still gather and burn their wings in 'the interests of Parisian trade and folly.

Almost simultaneously with the rejoicings at Chiselhurst in celebration of the birthday of the Prince Imperial, four other anniversaries were being celebrated in royal circles and by the peoples of other nationalities. Germany was congratulating its Emperor on his having reached his seventy-seventh year; Italy welcomed the day which gave to it and the world its present and future King, and the loyal joy of that Kingdom was intensified by anticipations of celebrating by a succession of national *fêtes* that ever memorable day on which its King assumed the sceptre which has called Italy from thralldom, from the bonds of political death to life and power as a free nation. By one of those historical coincidences which add interest and piquancy to a celebration which has a dual significance and reference, the birthday of King Victor Emmanuel as King of Italy, or as people put it, his "Silver Wedding," being the 25th anniversary of his accession to the throne, is also the recurrence of an anniversary which, but for the joyous aspect it now assumes, would, to Italy and freedom, be alike a day for wearing in bitterness the emblems of national mourning. "The darkest hour ever precedes the dawn." The year which placed the crown of Sardinia, and eventually that of regenerated Italy, on the brow of Victor Emmanuel was shadowed by a catastrophe to his house and their great ambition, which seemed at the time to render the present condition of Italy an impossible future. The revolution of 1848 excited the

Lombards and Sardinians to revolt from Austria, but the successive disasters of that unequal conflict culminated in 1849 at the battle of Novara, which shattered the forces of Charles Albert, who left that field to abdicate in favor of his brave son and die of mortification and despair. The flag, then so torn and blood stained, which was lifted on that fatal day by the young Duke of Savoy, he has raised until it waves over a proud, united and powerful nation—a rival to that Empire which so lately held its people in a bondage as stern as ever crushed out the national life of any country. So thoroughly had oppression done its work in demoralizing and disintegrating the political sentiments and order of that Peninsula, that a Prime Minister of England, only fifteen years ago, declared that "the dream of Italian unity never could be realized." But the sleeping nation had vigorous wakers. Mazzini with his enthusiasm gave the young men the hope, the soul, the fire of patriotism; Garibaldi with his splendid rashness of daring taught them that power is to those who use it; Cavour gave the world of diplomacy to know that a statesman, the peer of any in their circle, saw no dream in his country's unity, but a reality they must sooner or later recognize; and the King was a king indeed, the man of Providence's own placing to do its work in building up from the ruins of pagan misrule, and the equally desolating moral and political despotism of Papa! authority, a great, glorious, and free nation, instinct with those principles of civil and religious liberty which alone can assure stability and prosperity to a people. Take the figures prominent in these high festivities and they form a group which centres in itself and symbolizes the greatest events and ideas of modern history and life: the founding of the German Empire, the creation of an Italian nation, the dethronement from temporal sovereignty of the Pope, the downfall of the Napoleonic dynasty, the majestic uprising of half Europe from the pseudo authority of sacerdotalism, the establishment of constitutional government, and concession of popular rights in place of a score of petty despots and local laws and usages framed with the intent to make a people di-

vided and submissively abject in spirit; such are the associations which connect together the celebrations at Berlin, Rome and Chiselhurst in the early spring of 1874. As one sees the triumph of the Emperor William, and the glorification of Victor

Emmanuel by his country at this time, the one virtually, the other actually excommunicated by the Papal Church, we are driven to pronounce that the curse of the Pope is synonymous with the blessing of God.

Notices, &c.

A CORRECTION.

To the Editor of the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.

SIR,—In the article of the March number of the *NEW DOMINION*, entitled "Canada's Early Marine," it is erroneously stated that, "in 1833 the 'Royal William' was built at Three Rivers, Lower St. Lawrence, and intended to ply between a Nova Scotia port and the Isle of Wight." Now, the "Royal William" was built at Quebec by the late George Black, and launched on the 28th April, 1831. She was owned in Quebec, and cost £16,000, (\$64,000), originally intended to ply between Quebec and Halifax, N. S., and did so for nearly two years. She left Quebec for England in August, 1833. The writer of this received a letter of her arrival in London from her commander, the late John McDougal. The vessel was purchased in London by the Spanish Government, and became the "Isabella Secunda" ship of war. It is sometimes stated that the "Savannah," built at New York, crossed the ocean by steam. She did not use her engine in crossing, whereas the "Royal William" steamed all the way from Quebec to London. English, as well as American books of reference, ignore the "Royal William,"—but she was only "colonial."

W. K.

Bristol, Eng., March 25, 1874.

HON. A. A. DORION.

Hon. Antoine Aimé Dorion, Q.C., is a son of the late Mr. P. A. Dorion, who represented Champlain in the L. C. Assembly from 1830 till 1838; was born at Ste. Anne de la Perade, in 1818, and educated at Nicolet College. Mr. Dorion was called to the Lower Canada Bar in 1842, and created Queen's Counsel in 1863, and occupies a distinguished position at the Montreal Bar, as well as being Professor of Civil Law, Victoria College, Cobourg. Up to the late change of Government, Mr. Dorion was leader of the French-Canadian Liberal party of Quebec, a position which he has held since he first entered Parliament. He declined a seat in the Cabinet in 1857, was a member of the Executive Council in 1858 for the brief term of the existence of the Government; was Provincial Secretary from May, 1862, to January, 1863, and Attorney-General for Lower Canada from May, 1863, till March, 1864, when the Government retired from office. He sat in the Canadian Assembly as member for Montreal, from 1854 till 1861, and for Hochelaga from 1862 until the Union. He was elected to his present seat for Napierville, Quebec, at the last general election, and is now Minister of Justice in Hon. Alexander MacKenzie's Cabinet.

GEORGE HARVEY,

DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF FIRST-CLASS

SEWING MACHINES

AND FINDINGS,

**General Agent for the "RAYMOND SINGER"
and "Osborn LOCK-STITCH" Machines.**

If first selection of a machine does not prove satisfactory, an exchange will be allowed for any other preferable, and money paid on first one applied on machine finally kept,—thereby giving customers THE CHOICE OF THE MARKET. Please bear this in mind.

341 NOTRE DAME STREET,

Corner St. Francois Xavier Street,

Montreal.

All Machines warranted as represented or no sale.

ALL KINDS OF SEWING MACHINES REPAIRED.

THE NEW YORK WEEKLY WITNESS,

Being the weekly edition of the NEW YORK DAILY WITNESS, contains eight pages of seven columns each, or 56 columns, filled with interesting and important matter, and is, in proportion to its contents, the cheapest weekly in the United States, as the daily is the cheapest daily.

The contents are :—

COPIOUS EXTRACTS from the religious and secular press.

DAILY REPORT of the Fulton Street Prayer Meeting.

SERIAL STORY.

EDITORIALS on current subjects of interest.
News, Selections, Poetry, and a Review of the Produce and Cattle Markets, with latest quotations of Gold and Stocks.

Subscribers in the Dominion of Canada may either remit \$1.20 greenbacks to the undersigned—the 20c. being to prepay the postage to the lines—or one dollar Canadian currency to John Dougall & Son, Montreal, for which I will send it for one year, American postage paid. Subscribers will have to pay the Canada postage—1c. per copy—at their own P.O.

The N. Y. DAILY WITNESS will be sent three months, postage paid to lines, for one dollar.

JOHN DOUGALL,

PROPRIETOR & PUBLISHER,

162 Nassau Street,

NEW YORK, Jan'y, 1872.

5 to 20 DOLLARS PER DAY.

A GENTS WANTED! All classes of working people, of either sex, young or old, make more money at work for us in their spare moments, or all the time, than at anything else. Particulars free.  Address

G. STINSON & CO.,
Fine Art Publishers, Portland, Maine.

NEW YORK AND BOSTON

Pianoforte Company,

432 NOTRE DAME STREET,
MONTREAL.

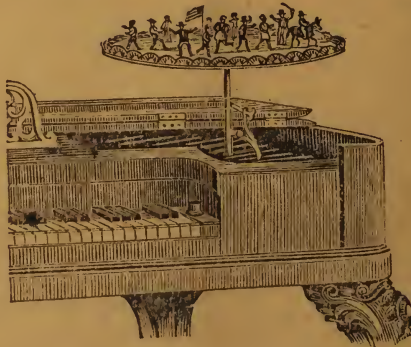
THE CHEAPEST INSTRUMENTS IN MONTREAL.

*Sold on Instal-
ments.*

*Sold on Liberal
Terms.*

*Large Discounts for
Cash Down.*

*Pianos and Organs
for Hire.*



*Old Instruments
taken in Ex-
change for
New.*

*Repairs Skillfully
Done.*

(SOLE AGENTS FOR THE DOMINION OF CANADA)

HALLET DAVIS & CO.'S PIANOFORTES, BOSTON, U. S.
J. & C. FISCHER, NEW YORK.

GEO. WOOD & CO., PARLOR AND VESTRY ORGANS, BOSTON.
(ALSO FOR THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC)

MATHUSHEK PIANO CO., NEW HAVEN CONNECTICUT,
AND

WEBER & CO., WELL KNOWN PIANOFORTES.

EVERY INSTRUMENT WARRANTED FOR FIVE YEARS.

THE LARGEST STOCK OF PIANOS AND ORGANS.

REMEMBER THE PLACE,
432 NOTRE DAME STREET.

THOMAS A. HAINES,

MANAGER